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Our various Task, in Emblem here display'd,
Reader behold; and whence we have our aid:
Apollo dictates, or inspires the Song,
While warbles sweetly from the Muses Tongue;
Or soft melodious Lays the Soul command,
Sent from the artful Touches of the Hand.
The Lover's Sighs are breathed from the Flute;
Or stronger Notes our stronger passions suit:
What e'er can charm, what e'er delight the Mind
In Mirth or Musick, Here is every Kind.

e/

2609a.30

THE

UNIVERSAL MUSICIAN:

OR,

Songster's Delight.

Consisting of the most Celebrated

ENGLISH and *SCOTCH*

SONGS,

Favourite CANTATA'S, &c.

Designed for the Entertainment of

Lovers, Country Sportsmen, Jovial Companions, and all Others, who have any Taste for Mirth, Good Humour, and Polite Conversation.

Here Mirth *and* Musick *try their various Skill*
The rugged Cares of human Life to kill.
Here no sad Tale the youthful Reader meets;
But Love *and* Humour *fill these harmless Sheets.*
Who wou'd be sad, when Joy's so wond'rous cheap?
Who that can laugh, wou'd ever chuse to weep?

VOL. I.

LONDON;

Printed for WILLIAM RAYNER.

M,DCC,XXXVIII.

12-21-27 chivers 35756 1.75

Sung by Mr Salway in Colombine Courtezan

ho to win a woman's Favour Would solicit long in vain Who to gain a moment's

Pleasure Would endure an Age of Pain, I dle toying ne'er enjoying, Pleas'd with suing

Fond of Ruin made the Martyr of Disdain made the Martyr of Disdain.

Give me Love the beauteous Rover,
Whom a gen'ral Passion warms;
Fondly blessing ev'ry Lover,
Frankly proffering all her Charms:
Never flying,
Still complying
Fraind to please you,
Glad to ease you,
Circle'd in her Snowy Arms,

For the FLUTE

Florimel.

Set by Dr. Green.

The Charms of Florimel. No force of Time or art Shall sever from my

Heart; But ever to the World I'll tell The charms of beauteous Florimel.

2.

Each Rock and Sunny Hill,
The flowry Meads and Groves,
Shall say Mirtillo Loves;
And Echo shall be taught to tell,
The Charms, &c.

3

Each Tree within the Vale,
That on its Back doth wear,
The Triumphs of my Fair;
To future Times in Verse shall tell,
The Charms &c.

4

Each Brook and purling Rill,
Shall on its bubling Stream
Convey the Virgins Fame
And as it rolls in murmurs tell
The Charms, &c.

5

The Silvan Gods that dwell,
Amidst this Sacred Grove
Shall wonder at my Love;
Whilst ev'ry Sound conspires to tell
The Charms of beauteous Florimel.

For the FLUTE.

The Fly.

The words by Mr Baum — Set by Dr. Green.

Busy curious thirsty Fly, Drink with me and drink as I; Freely welcome
to my Cup; Could'st thou sip and sip it up; Make the most of Life you may,
Life is short and wears away. Life is short and wears away.

Both alike, both mine and thine
Hasten quick to their decline,
Thine's a Summer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore,
Threescore Summers, when they're gone,
:S: Will appear as short as One :S:

for the FLUTE

J. Smith Jun.r fecit

To Cloe.

When e'er my Cloe I begin thy Breast like mine to move; You tell me of that crying Sin, of unchast Lawless Love of unchast Lawless Love

2

How can that Pleasure be a Crime
That gave to Cloe Birth;
How can those Joys but be Divine
That make a Heaven on Earth,

3

To wed Mankind the Priest trapann'd
By some sly Fallacy
And disobey'd Gods great Command
Increase and Multiply

4

You say how Love's a Crime; content,
Yet, yet a lone you must;
More Joys in Heavn when one repent,
Than over Ninty Just.

5

Sin then dear Girl for Heaven's sake,
Repent and be forgiven;
Bless me, and by Repentance make
A Holiday in Heaven.

For the FLUTE.

Dithyrambick for two Voices

Cupid no more shall give me Grief Or anxious Cares Op-

Cupid no more shall give me Grief Or anxious Cares Op-

press my Soul; While gen'rous Bacchus brings Relief

press my Soul; While gen'rous Bacchus brings Relief

and drowns 'em in a flow-ing Bowl

and drowns 'em in a flowing Bowl

Celia thy Scorn I now despise
Thy boasted Empire I disown
This takes the Brightness from thy Eyes
And makes it sparkle in my own

FOR THE FLUTE

Chorus to the Honest Yorkshire Man.

Come learn by this ye Batchelors, Come learn by this ye Batchelors Wh

Come learn by this ye Batchelors, Come learn by this ye Batchelors. Wh

lead unsettled Lives, When once you come to serious Thought When

lead unsettled Lives, When once you come to serious Thought, When

once you come to serious Thought, There's nothing like good Wives Wives

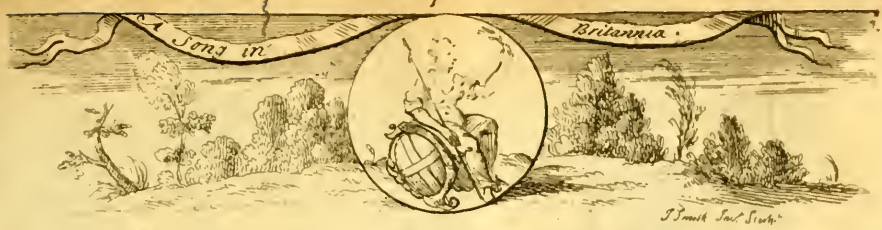
once you come to serious Thought, There's nothing like good Wives Wives

Come learn by this ye Maidens fair
Come learn &c
Say I advise you well
You're better in a Husbands Arms
You're better &c
Than leading Apes in Hell
Than &c

A Batchelor's a Cormorant
A Batchelor's &c
A Batchelor's a Drone,
He eats & drinks at all Mens Cost
He eats &c
But seldom at his own
But &c

Old Maids & lusty Batchelors,
Old Maids &c
At Marriage rail & lon'r
So when ye Fox couldn't reach ye Grapes,
So when &c
He cry'd they all were son'r
He cry'd &c

FOR THE FLUTE



Beautious Charmer Pride of Na-ture I-dol Goddes of my Heart

Soul of Sweetnes Heav'n born Creature Ease a tender Lovers

Smart How I doat adore and languish Witnes all the Gods a-bove

Nothing can aswage my Anguish but a Smile from her I love

Every Step inspires Devotion,
Every Look displays a Grace,
So Majestic is your Motion,
So Angelic is your Face.
If ther's Pleasure in beholding,
Such a boundless Blaze of Charms,
Oh the Rapture of enfolding,
So much Beauty in my Arms.

Flute

Come hither my Country Squire, Take friendly Instructions from me, the

Lords shall admire, thy Taste in Attire, The Ladies shall languish for thee:

Such flaunting, gallanting & jaunting, Such frolicking thou shalt see, Thou

ne'er like a Clown, shalt quit London's Sweet Town to live in thine own Country.

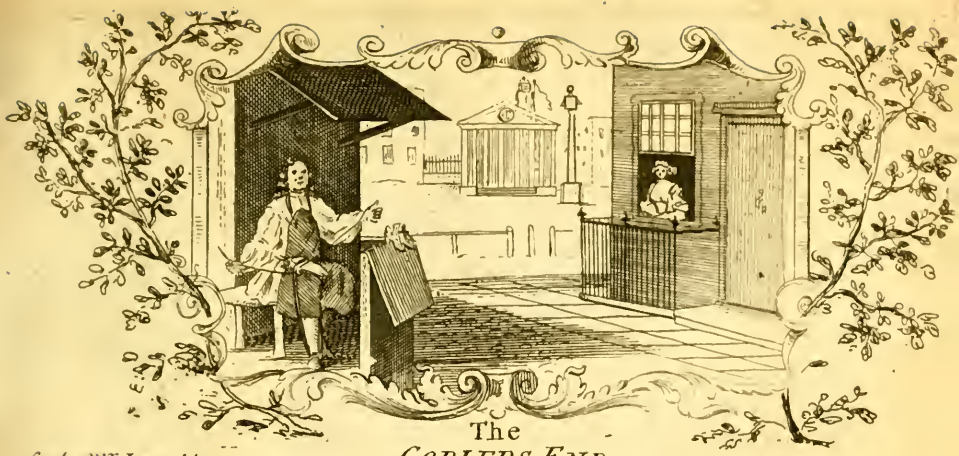
A Skimming Dish Hat provide,
With little more Brim than Lace;
Nine Hairs on a Side,
To a Pig's Tail ty'd,
Will set off thy Jolly broad Face.
Cho. Such Flaunting &c.

Go get thee a Footman's Frock,
A Cudgel quite up to thy Nose,
Then frizz like a Shock,
And plaister thy Block,
And buckle thy Shoes at the Toes.
Cho. Such Flaunting &c.

A Brace of Ladies fair
To pleasure thee shall strive
In a Chaise and Pair,
They shall take the Air
And thou in the Box shalt drive
Cho. Such Flaunting &c.

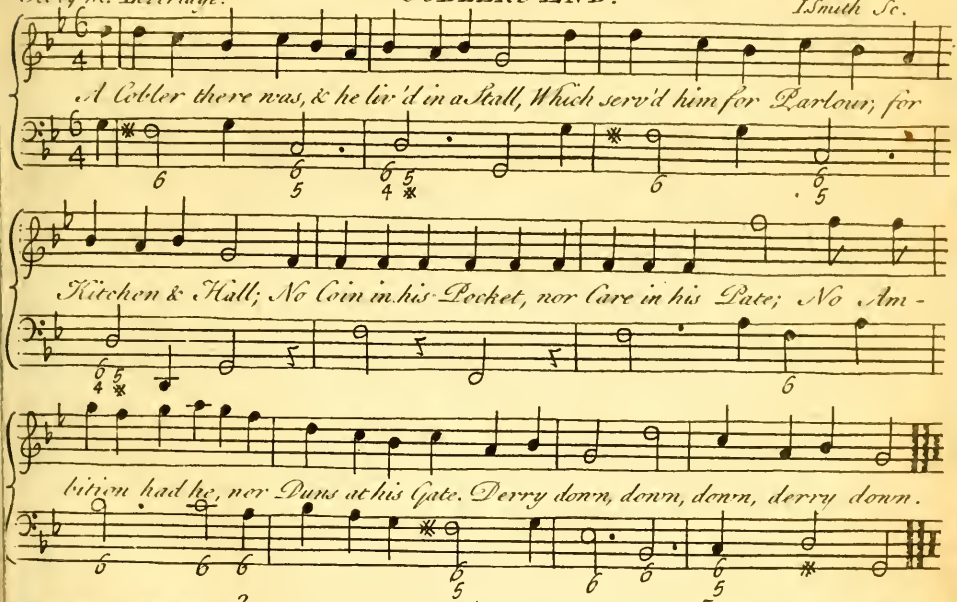
Convert thy Acres to Cash
And saw thy Timber down
Who'd keep such Trash
And not cut a Flash
Or enjoy the Delights of the Town
Cho. Such Flaunting &c.

TE



The COBLERS END.

Set by Mr. Leveridge. I. Smith Sc.



2

Contented he Work'd, & he thought himself Happy,
If at Night, he could purchase a Jug of brown Nappy;
He'd Laugh then, & Whistle, & Sing to most sweet,
Saying, just to a Hair, I've made both Ends meet. &c.

3

But Love, the Disturber of High and of Low,
That Shoots at ye Peasant, as well as the Beau;
He Shot the poor Cobler quite thoro' the Heart,
I wish it had Hit some more ignoble Part. &c.

4

It was from a Window, this Archer did Play,
Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay;
Her Eyes shon so bright when she rose e'ry Day,
That she Shot ye poor Cobler quite over the Way. &c.

5

He sung her Love Songs as he sat at his Work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
Fleer'd
When ever he Spake, she would flounce & would,
Which put the poor Cobler quite into Despair. &c

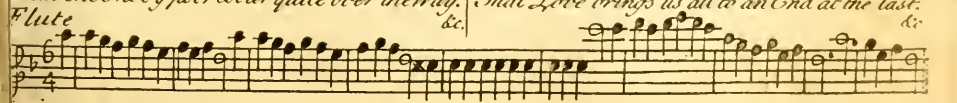
6

He took up his Awl, that he had in the World,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his Body, instead of the Sole
So the Cobler he dy'd, and ye Bell it did toll. &c.

7

And now in good Will, I advise as a Friend,
All Coblers take Notice of this Coblers End,
Keep your Hearts out of Love for we find by ex.
That Love brings us all to an End at the last. &c.

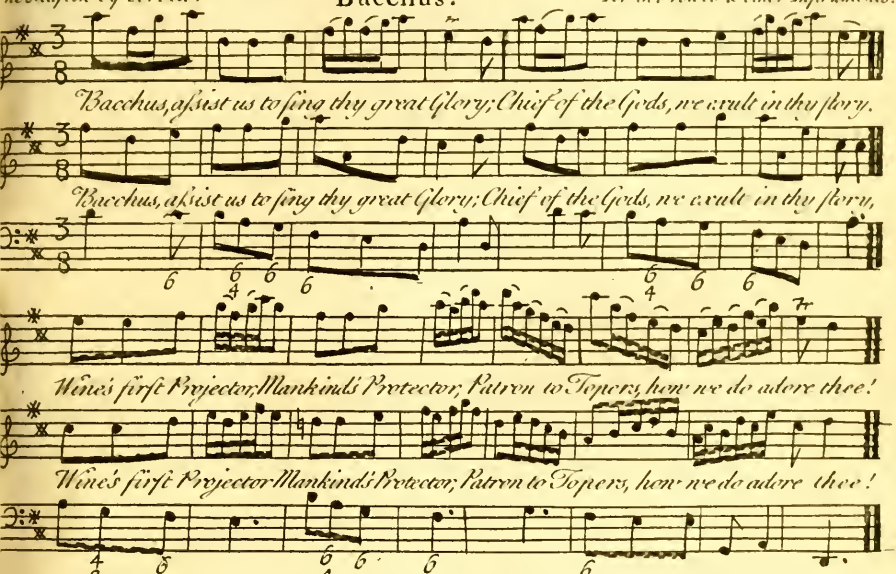
Flute



The Musick by Corelli.

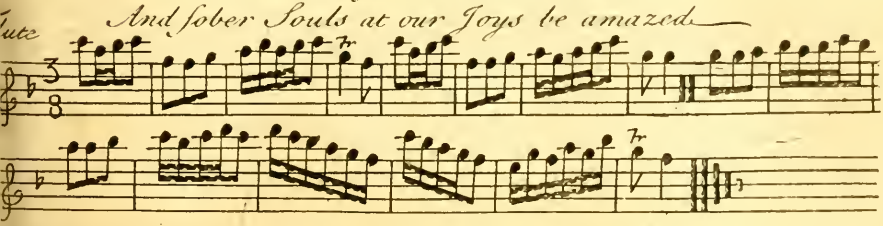
In Praise of Bacchus.

For two Voices & other Instruments.

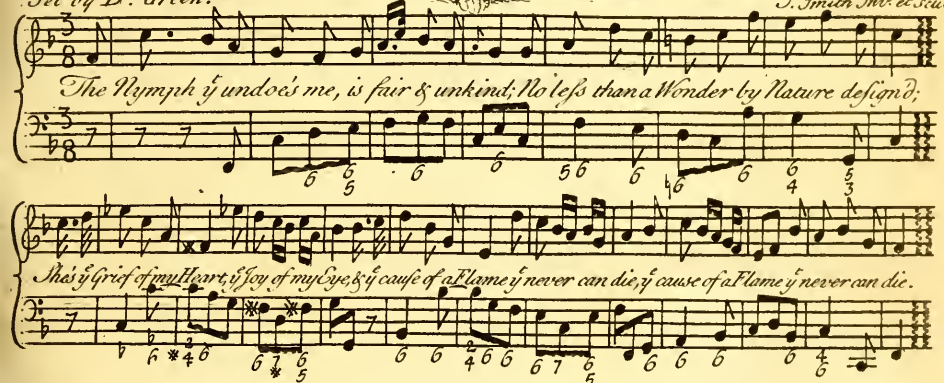

Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great Glory; Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy story.
Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great Glory; Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy story,
Wine's first Projector, Mankind's Protector, Patron to Topers, how we do adore thee!
Wine's first Projector Mankind's Protector, Patron to Topers, how we do adore thee!

Friend to the Muses, a Whetstone to Venus;
Herald to Pleasures, when Wine wou'd convene us,
Sorrow's Physician,
When our Condition,
In worldly Cares wants a Cordial to skreen us.

Nature she smil'd when thy Birth it was blazed;
Mankind rejoyc'd when thy Altars were raised;
Mirth will be flowing,
Whilst the Vine's growing,
And sober Souls at our Joys be amazed.

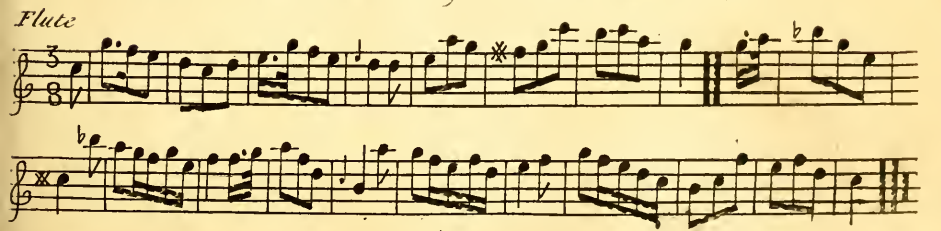


Set by Dr. Green. J. Smith Invt. et scul.



Her Mouth from whence Wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the Rose;
Love and Destiny both attend on her Will,
She Wounds with a look with a Frown she can kill.

The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in Excess:
In Silvia they meet; so unhappy am I.
Who sees her must love; & who loves her must die.



Dear Chloe, while thus beyond Measure, You treat me with Doubts and Disdain, You rob

If your Youth of its Pleasure, And hoard up an old Age of Pain: Your Maxim that Love is still founded,

On Charms that will quickly de-cay: You'll find to be very ill groun-ded, When once you its Dictates o-bey

2

The Love that from Beauty is Drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve;
Soft looks and gay Smiles are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun Shine of Love:
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
Should be clouded that now are so gay,
And Darkness obscure all the Skies,
You ne'er can forget it was Day.

3

Old Darby with Joan by his Side
You've often regarded with Wonder
He's Dropsical She is Dim ey'd
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder;
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
And at Night when old Darby's Pot's out
His Joan will not Smoke a Whiff more.

4

No Beauty nor Wit they possess,
Their several Failings too smother;
Then what are the Charms can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?
Tis the Pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
The Endearments which Youth did bestow;
The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,
The best of our Blessings below.

5

Those Traces for ever will last,
No Sickness or Time can remove;
For when Youth and Beauty are past,
And Age brings the Winter of Love:
A Friendship insensibly grows,
By Reviews of such Raptures as these,
The Current of Fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

Flute

Sung by Mrs. Roberts in the Honest Yorkshire Man.

For the French Horn

Why should Women so much be controul'd, Why should Men with our

Rights make so bold, let y Battle 'twixt Sexes be try'd, we shall soon prove the

strongest Side. Then stand to your Arms & trust to your Charms soon

whining & pining if Men will pursue but if you grow tame they'll

make you their Game & prove perfect Tyrants if once they subdue.

Let us learn but the Lib'ral Arts,
We'll eclipse 'em in Brightness of Parts,
But they lay a Restraint on the Mind,
And in Ignorance keep Woman-kind,
Or we'd make 'em know,
That Women can show,
Both Merit, and Spirit,
When put to the Test,
Our Hearts will dispense,
To Worth and good Sense,
But Coxcombs shall be both our Scorn & our Jest.

Flute.

Love in Perfection. A Sonnet.

I'll range a-round the shady Bow'rs, And gather

all the sweetest Flow'rs. I'll strip the Gar-den and the

Grove, to make a Gar-land for my Love.

When in the sultry Heat of day,
My thirsty Nymph does panting lay;
I'll hasten to the Rivers Brink,
And drain ye Floods but she shall drink.

At Night to rest her weary Head,
I'll make my Love a grassy Bed;
And with green Boughs I'll form a shade,
That nothing may her Rest invade,

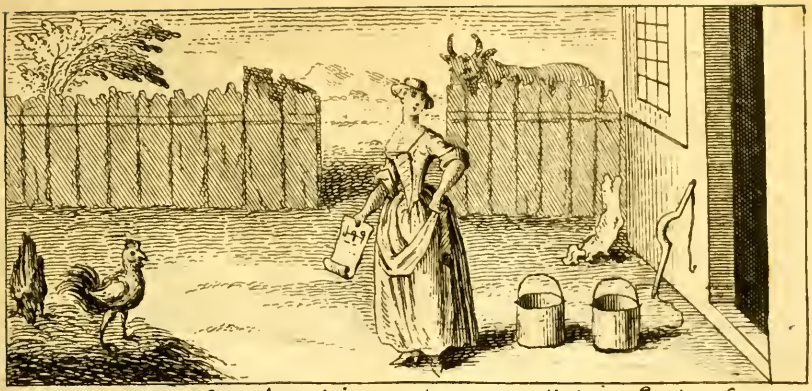
And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
My self shall never close these Eyes;
But gazing still with fond Delight,
I'll watch my Charmer all ye Night

And then as soon as chearfull Day,
Dispells ye darksome Clouds away;
Forth to the Forrest I'll repair,
To seek Provision for my Fair.

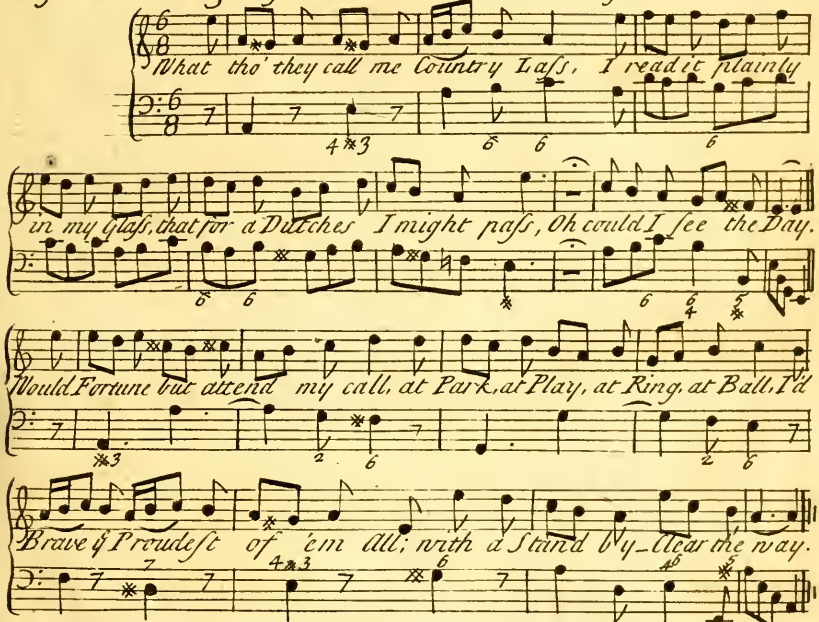
Thus will I spend ye Day & Night,
Still mixing Labour with Delight:
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can Ease for her procure.

But if the Nymph whom thus I love,
Should ever false or faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant Shore,
And never think of Woman more.

Flute.



The thoughts of an Ambitious Country Girl, on ye pleasures of ye Town. Sung in ye Provok'd Husband by Mrs Cibber.

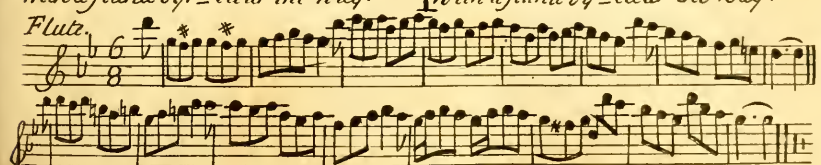


2

Surround'd by a Crowd of Beau,
With smart Tupets & Ponder'd Cloaths,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose;
Oh could I see the Day!
I'll dart such glances from these Eyes,
Shall make some Nobleman my Prize,
And then, Oh how I'll Tyrannize,
With a stand by!_ Clear the way.

3

O then for Grandeur and Delight,
For Equipage for Diamonds bright,
And Flambeaux that outshine ye light;
Oh could I see the Day!
Thus ever easy, ever gay,
Quadrille shall wear ye Night away,
And pleasure crown ye growing Day;
With a stand by!_ Clear the way.



The Expostulation.

Tho' cruel you seem to my Pain, And hate me because I am
true yet Phillis you love a false Swain, Who has other
Nymphs in his View. Enjoyments a Trifle to him to
me what a Heav'n would it be to him but a Woman you
seem, but ah your'e an Angel to me.

Those Lips which he touches in haste
To them I for ever could grow;
Still clinging around that dear Waste
Which he spans as beside him you go,
That Hand like a Lilly so white,
Which over his Shoulders you lay;
My Bosom could warm it all Night
My Lips they could press it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
Were Graces my Subjects to be;
I'd leave 'em and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee;
But if I must feel your Disdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown;
Oh! let me not live in this Pain,
But give me my Death in a Frown.

Flute.

The Happy Inconstant.

Happy the youthfull Swain, that feels no loveſick Smart; But

without Grief or Pain, Can win a Virgins Heart; Happy beyond

expreſſing is he who can ob – tain, That most tranſporting Bleſſing

which others seek in vain.

Love and the Graces smiling,
In all his Actions meet;
Cupid the fair beguiling,
Still makes his Conquest sweet;

Love is his only Treasure,
Beauty his only Gain;
Ever he finds the Pleasure,
But never feels the Pain.

Flute

A Pastoral

Sym

Flocks are sporting Doves are courting

warbling Linnets sweetly sing Jo ---------- y Joy and

Pleasure, without Measure kindly hail the glorious Spring kindly hail the

glorious Spring . Ritornel

Flocks are bleating,
Rocks repeating,
Valleys eccho back the Sound;
Dancing singing,
Piping springing,
Nought but Mirth and Joy goes round,
Nought but Mirth and Joy goes round.

The Honest Yorkshire Man.

I am in Truth, a Country Youth, Unus'd to London Fashions; Yet
Virtue guides, and still presides, O'er all my Steps and Passions, No
courthy Leer, but all sincere, No Bribe shall ever blind me, If you can like,
a Yorkshire Tike, An honest Man you'll find me.

2

Tho' Envy's Tongue,
With Slander hung,
Does oft belye our County;
No Men on Earth,
Boast greater Birth,
Or more extend their Bounty;
Our Northern Breeze,
With us agrees,
And does for Business fit us;
In publick Cares,
In Love's Affairs,
With Honour we acquit us.

3

A noble Mind,
Is ne'er confin'd,
To any Shire or Nation;
He gains most Praise,
Who best displays,
A gen'rous Education;
While Rancour rolls,
In narrow Souls,
By narrow Views discerning;
The truly wise,
Will only prize,
Good Manners, Sense & Learning.

The Supplication.

Divinest Fair, oh eaſe my

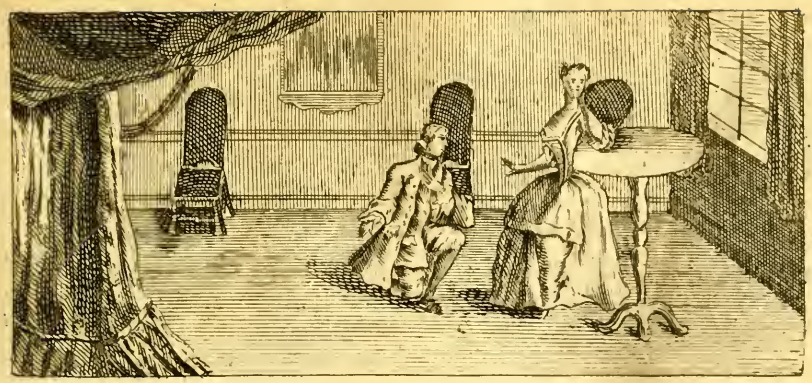
Care and kindly chear your dy-ing Swain No longer fly

no more deny, but give me Love for Love again, no longer

fly no more deny, but give me Love for Love again.

Love's pow'rfull Dart,
Has pierc'd my Heart,
Shot from your irreſistleſs Charms;
Nor can I rest,
Untill I'm blest,
Encircled in Your snowy Arms.

Flute



The Slighted Lover

Beleive my Sighs my Tears my Dear Releive the Heart You've Won Beleive my Vows to

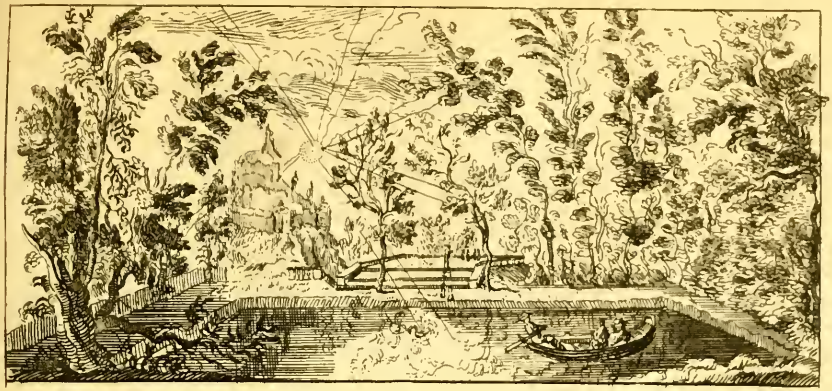
you Sincere or Moggy I'm Undone You Say I'm Fickle and apt

to change at ev'ry Face thats New: But of all the

Girls I Ever saw I ne'er Lov'd one but you

My Heart was but a Lump of Ice
I'ill warm'd by your Bright Eyes
But Ah! it Kindled in a Trice
A Flame which never Dies
Come take me try me and you'l find
Tho' you say that I'm not true.
Of all the Girls I ever Saw
I ne'er Lov'd one but You

Flute



The Midsummer Wish

Not to Fast

Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze to Windsors sha-dy kind Retreat
Where Silvan Scenes wide spreading Trees repel the raging Dog Stars Heat. W'er tuft'd Graß & mossy
Beds afford a rural calm Repose Where Woodbines hang their dew-y Heads & fragrant
sweets around disclose

Let me thy Clear thy Yielding Wave
With naked Arm once more divide
In the my Glowing Bosom lave
And stem thy gently rolling Tide
Lay me with Damask Roses crown'd
Beneath some Oziers dusky shade
Where Water Lillies paint the Ground
And bubbling Springs refrash & Glade

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by
Along the smiling Valley plays
His glassy Surface cheers the Eye
And thro' the flowry Meadow strays
His fertile Banks with Herbage green
His Vales with Golden Plenty swell
Where e're his purer Stream is seen
The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell

4

Let chaste Clarinda to be there
With azure Mantle lightly dress't
Ye Nymphs bind up her silken Hair
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting Breast
Oh! haste away fair Maid and bring
The Muse the Kindly Friend to Love
To the alone the Muse shall sing
And warble thro' the vocal Grove

Flute

The Rival or Desponding Lover

Of all the Torments all the Cares By which our lives are curst Of

all the Sor-rows that we bear; A Rival is the Worst

By Part-ners in a-no-ther Kind Afflictions easier grow

In Love a-lone we-hate to find Com panions in our woe

Silvia for all those Griefs you see
Arising in my Breast
I beg not that you'd pity me
Would you but Slight the rest

How're Severe your Rigours are
Alone with y.m I'd Cope
I can endure my own Dispair
But not another's Hope

Flute

The Wheedler. by. H.C.

In Vain dear Chloe you Suggeſt that I Inconſtant have profeſt or
Lov'd a Fairer She But if at once you would be cur'd of all the
ills you have endur'd look in your Glaſs and ſee

And if perchance ye there ſhould find
A Nymph more lovely or more kind
You've reaſon for your tears
But if impartial you will prove
Both to your beauty & my Love
How needleſs are thoſe fears

3

If in my way I ſhould by chance
Give or receive a wanton Glance
I like but whilst I View
How Faint ye Glance how Slight ye kiſs
Compar'd to that Subſtantial bliſs
I ſtill receive from you

With wanton Flight ye curious Bee
From Flower to Flower ſtill wanders free
And where each Bloſſom blows
Extracts ye Iuice of all he meets
And for his Quinteſcence of Sweets
He Raviſhes ye Roſe

5

So I my leiſure to employ
In each Variety of Joy
From Nymph to Nymph do roame
Perhaps ſee Fifty in a Day
They are but Viſits which I pay
For Chloes ſtill my home

Flute

THE *Blind Boy.*

O! Say what is that Thing call'd Light which I can ne'er Enjoy;
What is the Bleſsing of the Sight Oh! tell tell your poor Blind Boy.

You talk of Wondrous Things you ſee,
You Say the Sun Shines bright;
I feel him warm but how can he
Then make it Day or Night.'

2

My day or Night my ſelf I make
When e'er I wake or play,
And cou'd I ever keep awake
It wou'd be always Day.

3

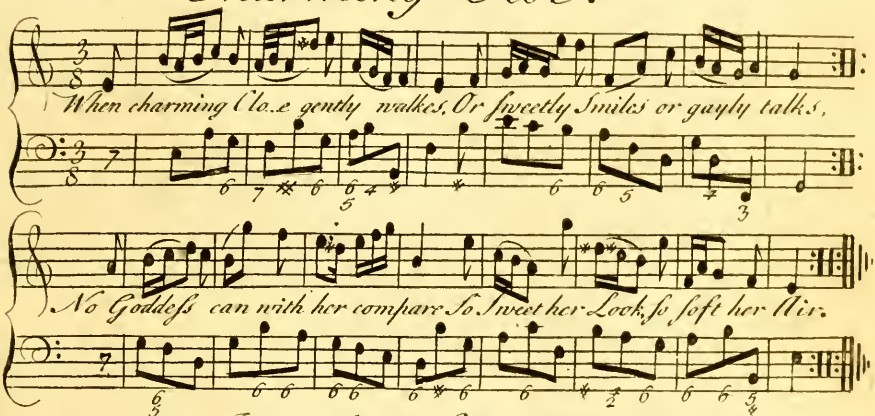
With heavy Sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeleſs Woe,
But Sure with Patience I may bear
A Loſs I ne'er can know.

4

Then let not what I cannot have
My Cheer of mind deſtroy,
Whilst thus I Sing I am a King,
Alth'o a poor Blind boy.

For the Flute.

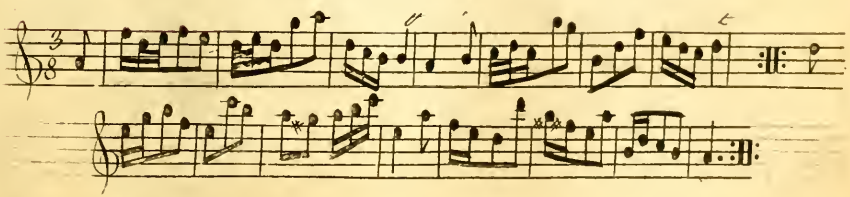
Charming Cloe.

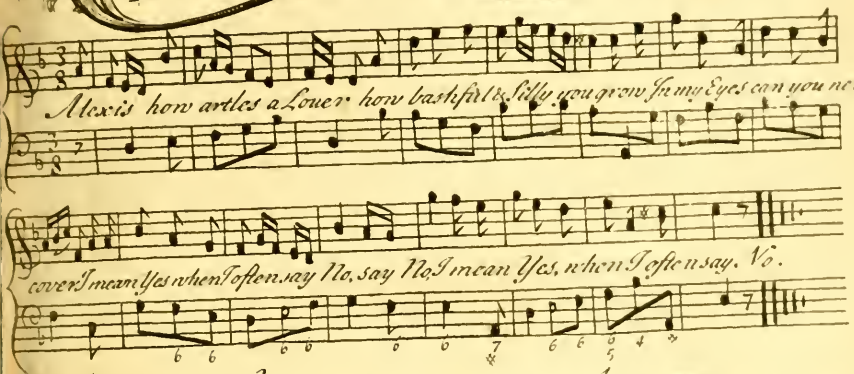


In whom so many Charms are placid
Is with a Mind as nobly graced,
With Sparkling Wit and Solid Sence
And Soft persuasive Eloquence.

In framing her divinely fair,
Nature employ'd her utmost Care,
That We in Cloe's form should find.
A Venus with Minerva's Mind.

For the Flute.





1

When you pine & you whine out your Passions
And only entreate for a Kiss,
To be coy, and deny is the Fashion
Alexis should ravish the Bliss.

2

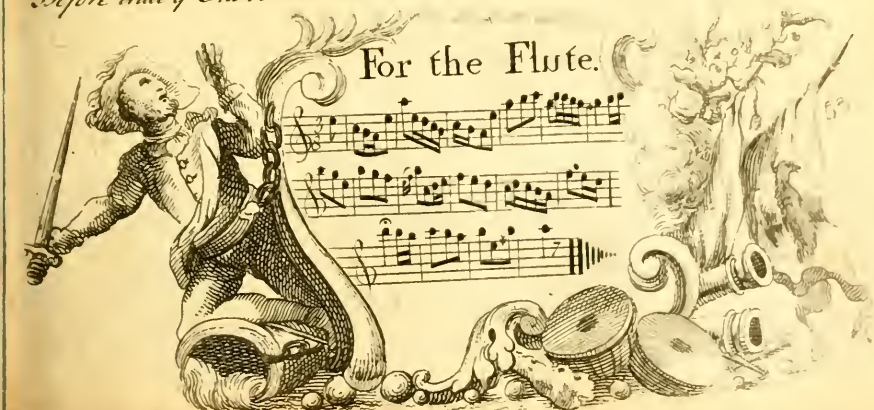
If I frown it's my Blushes to cover.
'Tis for Honour & Modesty sake
He is but a Pityful Lover
Who is foiled by a Single Attack

3

In Love as in War its but Reason
To make some Defence for y Town,
To surrender without it were Treason,
Before that y Outworks were won.

4

But when we by Force are o're-powerd,
The best & the bravest must yield,
I am not to be won by a Coward
Who hardly dares enter y Field.



On Masons and Masonry.

By Masons Art ye aspiring Dome, In various Columns shall arise,

All Climates are their native Home, Their godlike Actions reach ye Skies:

Kerves & Kings revere their Name, And Poets Sing their deathless Fame.

Great, Generous Noble Wise and Brave,
Are Titles they most justly claim;
Their Deeds shall Live beyond ye Grave,
Which Babes unborn shall loud proclaim:
Time shall their glorious Acts enrolle,
Whilst Love and Friendship charms ye Soul.

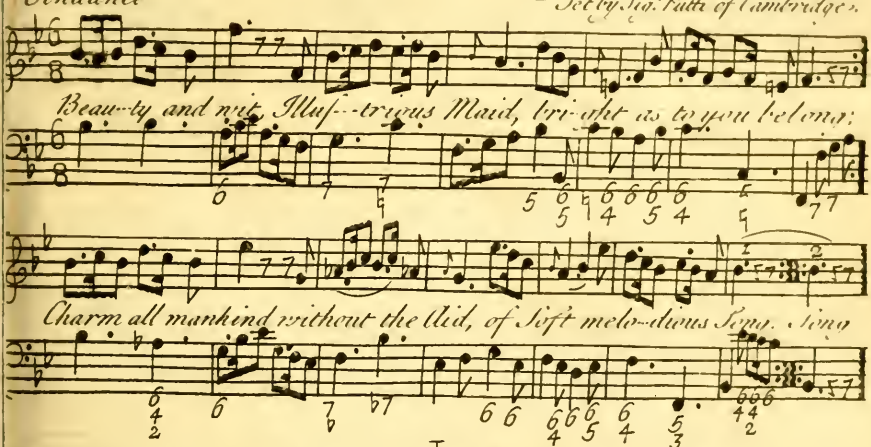
Flute

THE

Melodious Songstresses.

Andante

Set by Sig.r Patti of Cambridge.



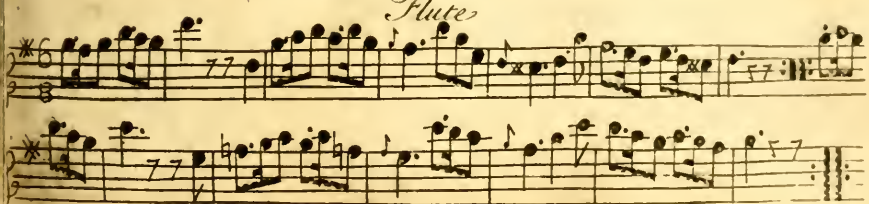
Why will you add, Enchanting Fair,
The Magick of your Voice;
By which in us you cause Despair,
Yet make our Fate our Choice.

In Vain to tempt Laerte's heir;
The songs the Syrens try'd
But could their notes with thine Com.pare
He must have heard and dy'd

4

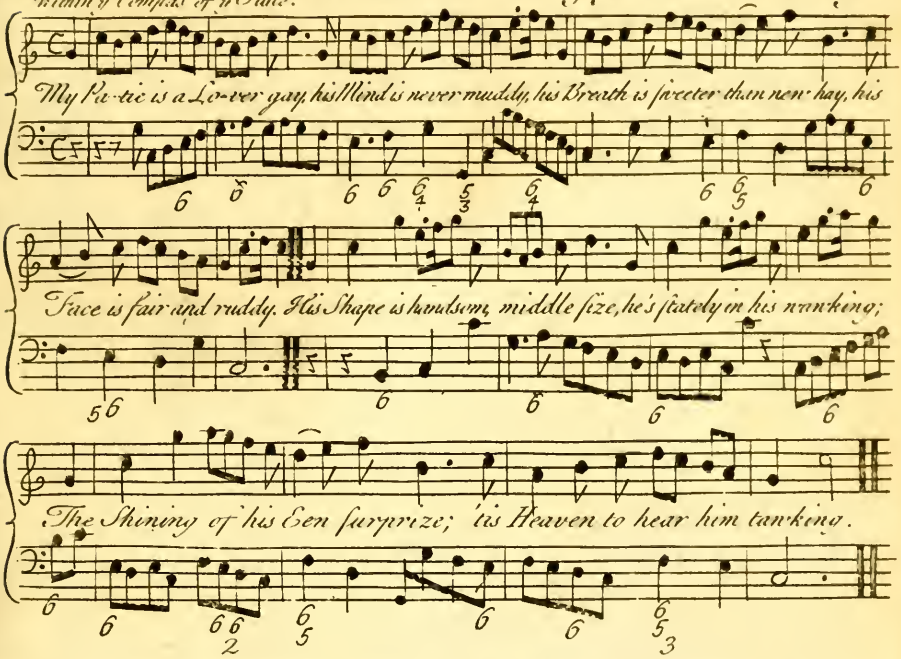
Sing on bright Maid, repeat each Strain,
Tho' in Each strain's a dart;
We dye by pleasure not by pain,
While thus you peirce the heart.

Flute



Handsom Patie or the Corn Riggs are Bonny.

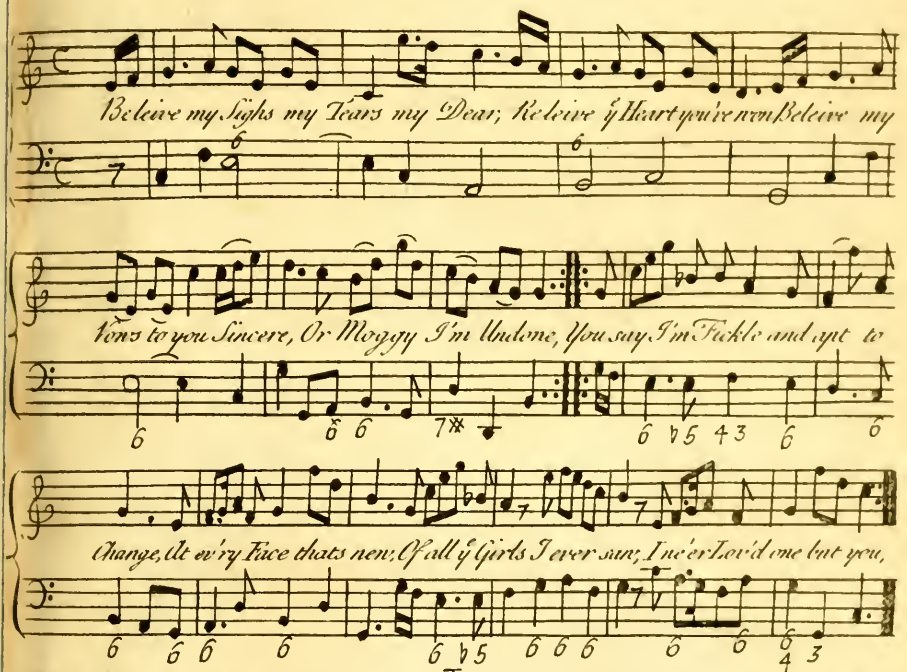
Within y Compass of ye Flute.



Last Night I met him on a Bank,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he spake,
That set my Heart a glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And lov'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing Sinsyne,
O Corn Riggs are bonny.

Let Maidens of a silly Mind,
Refuse what maist they're wanting
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastly should be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry Patie,
And syne my Cockernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where Corn Riggs are bonny.

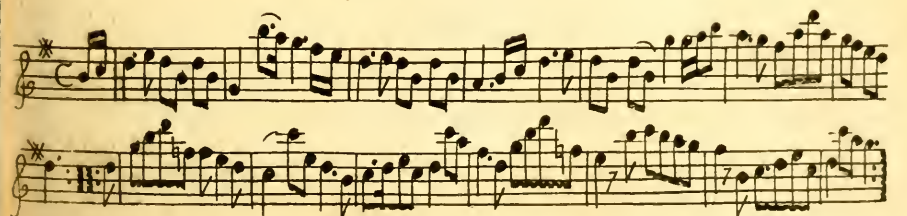
THE SLIGHTED LOVER



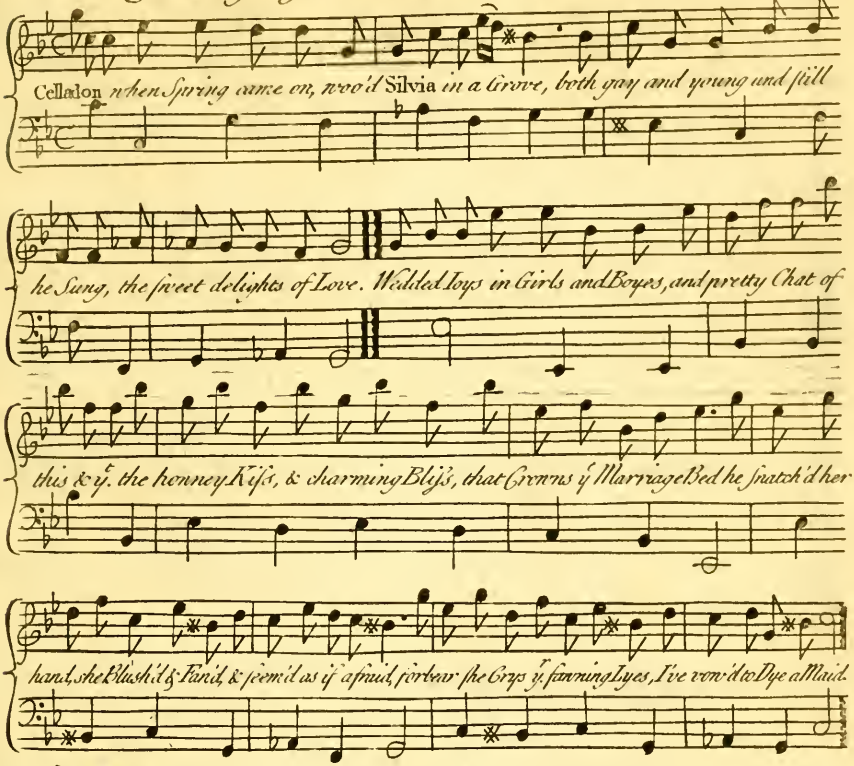
My Heart was like a Lump of Ice,
Till warm'd by your Bright Eye,
And then it kindled in a Trice
A Flame that ne'er can die.

Then take & try me & you shall find,
That I've a Heart thats true,
Of all the Girls I ever Saw
I ne'er Lov'd One like You.

Flute

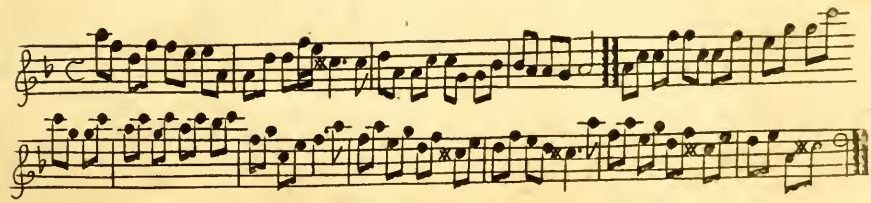


A Song *Sung by* Mr. Leveridge *The Words by* Mr. Durfey.



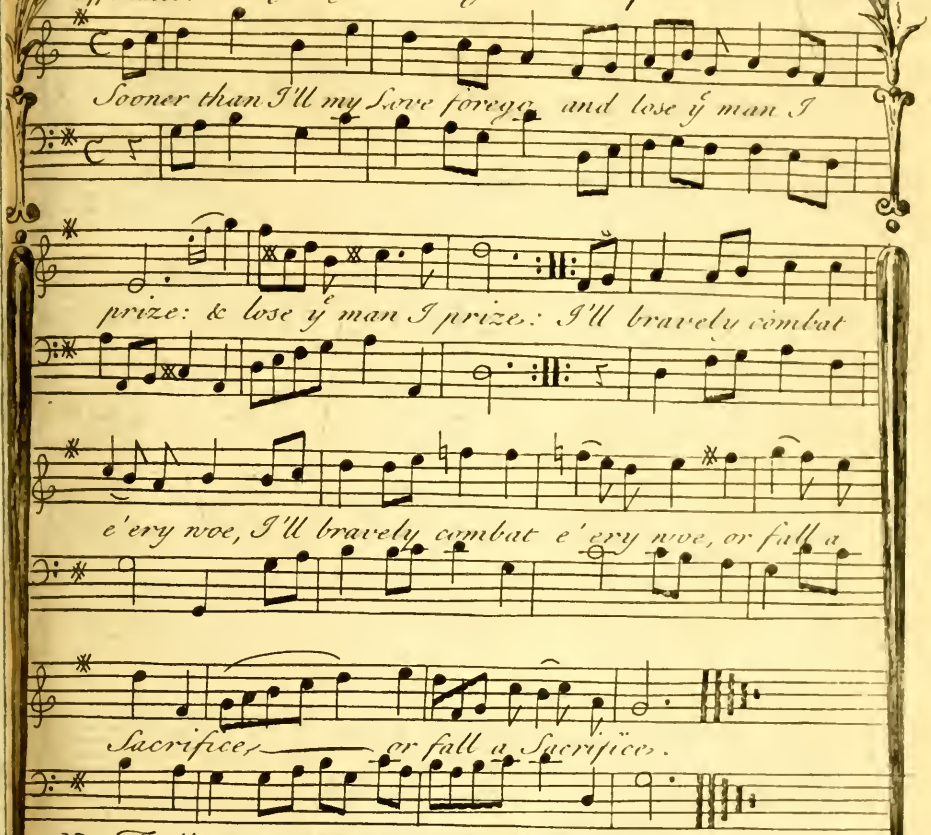
Celladon *at that Began,*
To talk of Dyes in Hell.
And what was worse the Odious Curse,
Of growing Old and Stale,
Loss of Bloom when Wrinkles come,
And offers kind when none will Mind,
The Rosie Joy and Sparkling Eye,
Grown Faded and Decay'd,
At which when Known,
She chang'd her Tone,
And to the Shepard Said
Dear Swain give O're I'le think once More,
Before I'le Dye a Maid,

Flute



Sung by Miss Raftor.

Affettuoso.



NB. *The lines that have this mark :$: are Sung twice over.*

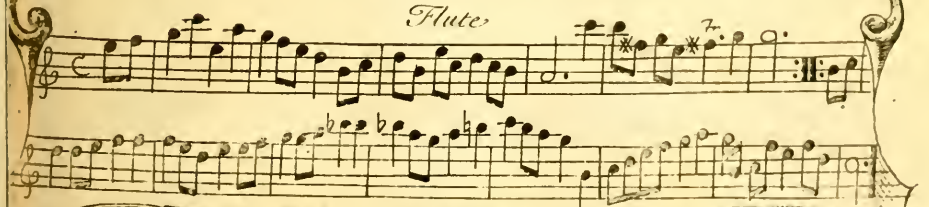
2

Nor Bolts, nor Bars shall me controul,
I death & danger dare: :$:
Restraint but fires ỹ active Soul, :$:
& urges fierce despair. :$:

3

The Window now shall be my Gate,
I'll either fall or fly, :$:
Before I'll live with him I hate,
For him I love I'll die. :$:

Flute.



The Dying Virgins Farewel.

Beneath a Shady Bower, close by a Crystal Brook; mour

-ning loves fatal power, her seat sad Cloe *took. Tears*

from her fair Eyes flowing, increas'd ỹ limpid Stream; like

Zephirs *gently blowing, her ardent Sighs did Sing.*

All hopeless, and Dispairing,
Her drooping Head declinit;
Her down cast Eyes declaring
The torments of her Mind:
Speechless a while remaining,
At length she silence broke;
And in a tone complaining
These mourful words she spoke.

In vain is my desire
To cure a wounded Heart;
Damon, *farewel, for ever,*
For ever we must part:
See my forlorn condition,
The sick'ning Cloe *cry'd;*
Death must be my Physitian,
And so the Virgin dy'd.

Flute

Sung in the Livery Rake

Come be free my lovly Las ses, Banish dull restraintive Pride now we're

o're our Gen'rous Glasses, Lett the Mask be thrown aside W.th our Wine,

Sweet kisses blending you its Virtues Shall improve Wine our warm desires

befriending Shall encrease y Pow'r of Lo . . . . . ve Shall encrease y Pow'r of love

Squeamish Prudes may take Occasion,
(Tho' they burn with innward Fire,)
To Condemn a Gen'rous Passion,
Which they never could Inspire
But how Curst is their Condition,
Whilst in us they Freedom blame,
Ev'ry Night pant for Fruition,
Yet find none to Meet their Flame.

Flute

The Englishmans Wish

Curst be the Wretch that's bought & sold, & Barters
Liberty for Gold, for when Election is not free, in
vain we boast of Liberty & he, who sells his single
Right, would sell his Country; if he might

2
When Liberty is put to Sale
For Wine, for Money or for Ale
The sellers must be abject slaves
The Buyers vile designing Knaves
It has a Proverb been of Old
The Devils bought, but to be sold

3
This Maxim, in the Statesmans schoot
Is always taught Divide & Rule
All parties are to him a joke
While Zealots foam, he fits ye yoak
When Men their reason once resume
T'is then the Statesmans turn to fume

4
Learn, learn ye Brittons to unite,
Leave off the old exploded bite!
Hence forth let Whig & Tory cease,
And turn all party rage to peace;
Rouze and revive your ancient Glory,
Unite and drive ye World before ye

Flute

The Maids Petition.

Cruel Creature can you leave me, can you

then Ungrateful prove! did you Court me, to deceive me,

& to flight my Constant Love!

(2)
False Ungrateful! thus to woe me
Thus to make my Heart a Prize;
First to ruin and undo me,
Then to scorn and Tyrannize.

(3)
Shall I send to Heaven my Prayer.
Shall I all my Wrongs relate;
Shall I curse thy dear betrayer.
No, alas! it is too late.

(4)
Cupid, pity my Condition
Pierce this unrelenting Swain
Hear a tender Maids Petition
And restore my Love again.

Flute

SILVIA'S RETREAT by M.r Nicoll

Silvia, on her Arm reclining, In a shady

Groves Retreat, Lay in loose Array designing

Tal, lal, lal, lal To avoid the sultry Heat.

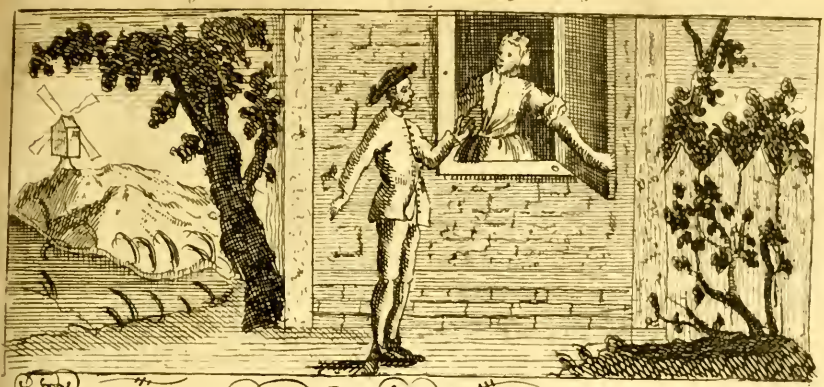
(2)
Tho' unveild, She thought no Stander-
-By could view the lonely Fair;
While soft Zephyrs came & fand her
Tal, lal &c.
Snowy Breast with fragrant Air.

(3)
There the lovely Nymph lay panting,
Sighing for her absent Swain;
All extended she lay wanting
Tal lal &c.
Him to ease her love-sick pain.

(4)
Soon, the happy Youth who won her,
To the kind Retreat drew near;
And in Transport gaz'd upon her
Tal lal &c.
Charms repos'd in Slumber there.

(5)
Love perswad'd 'twas no Sin to
Vent his Flames without Debate;
So he boldly enter'd into
Tal lal &c.
Tales of Love with Silvia streight.

Flute



ROGER AND DOLLY. *Sung by Mrs Clive*

Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's Window, Tumpaty, Tumpaty, Tump He

begg'd for Admittance, She answer'd him no, Glumpaty, Glumpaty Glump My

Dolly my Dear, your true Love is here Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump No

No Roger No, as you come you may go Clumpaty, Clumpaty, Clump.

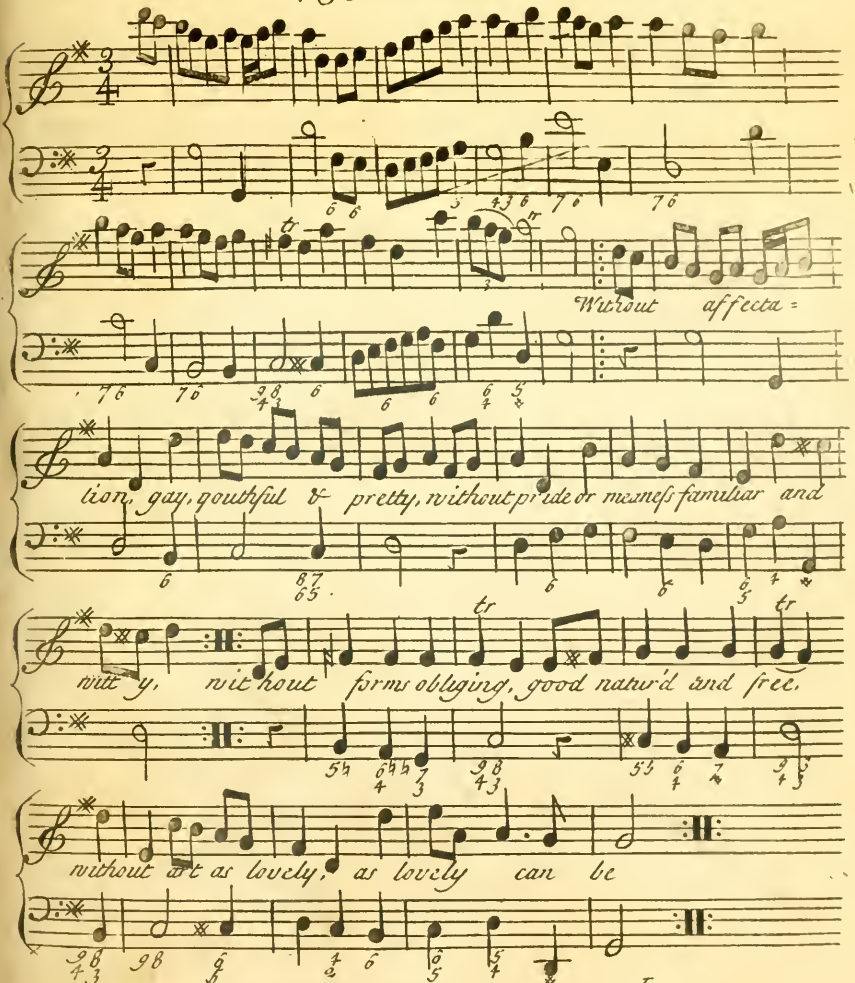
O what is ye Reason dear Dolly he cry'd Pumpaty
That thus I'm cast off & unkindly deny'd Frumpaty
Some Rival more dear, I guess has been here Crumpaty
I suppose there's been 2 pray S^r what's that to you Numpaty &c

O then with a sigh a sad Farewel he took, Lumpaty &c
And all in Despair he leap'd into ye Brook, Flumpaty &c
His Courage it cool'd he found himself fool'd, Trumpaty &c
He swam to ye shore & sav'd Dolly no more, Rumpaty &c

O then she recall'd & recall'd him again, Humpaty &c
But he like a Madman ran over y^e Plain, Stumpaty &c
Determin'd to find a Damsel more kind, Plumpaty &c
While Dolly's afraid she shall dye an old Maid, Mumpaty &c

Flute

The Batchelors Wife Sung by Mr Charke Set for the German Flute



She acts what She thinks, & She thinks w^t She says
Regardless alike both of censure & praise
But her thoughts & her words & her actions are such
That none can admire em, or praise her too much

A Hymn to Venus

Blest as th'immortal Gods is he, The youth who fondly sits . . . . by thee, who hears

and sees ye all the while, softly speak & sweetly smile Twas this depriv=

ed my soul of rest, & raisd such tumults in my breast, that when I

gaz'd with transports tost, my breath was gone my Voice was lost

My bosom glow'd the subtile flame,
Run quickly thro my Vital frame,
Ore my dim Eyes a darkness hung,
My Ears with hollow murmurs rung

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My Blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted sunk and ay'd away

Flute

The Maids Husband Sung by Miss Raftor

Genteel in perso nage, Conduct & Equipage Noble by

her rage, generous & free, Brave, not romantic Learn'd

not pedantic, frolic not frantic, this must be he Sym

Honour Maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging & New

Neat, but not finical
Sage, but not Cynical
Never Tyrannical
But ever true

The Raviſh'd Lover Set for the German Flute

When Fanny Blooming fair, firſt met my raviſh'd ſight, caught in her ſhape

2 Air I felt a ſtrange delight, Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd admiring

ev'ry part, I ev'ry Feature praiſ'd, She ſtole in to my Heart

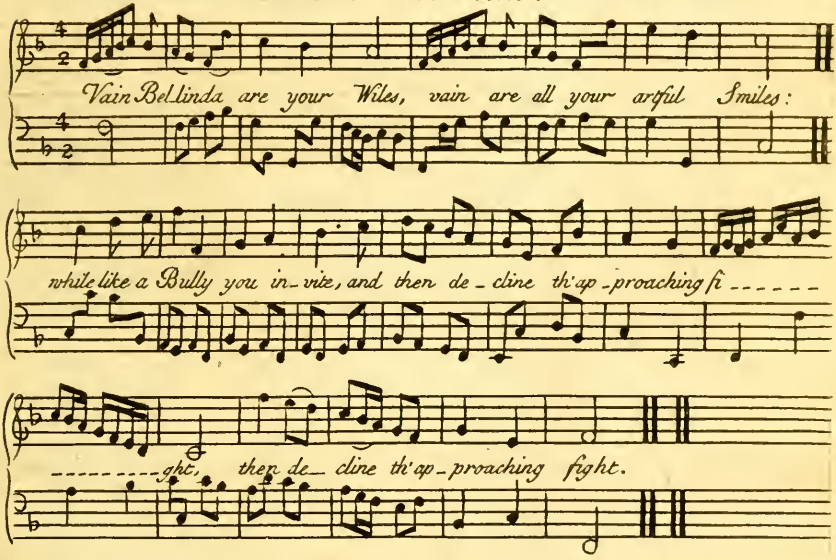
1 In her bewitching Eyes,
Young ſmileing Loves appear,
There Cupid baſking lies,
His ſhafts are hoarded there,
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With Colour all their own
Excelling far the pride,
Of Roſes newly blown

2 Her well turn'd limbs confeſs
The lucky hand of Jove
Her Feature all expreſs
The Beauteous Queen of Love
What Flames my Nerves invade
When I behold the Breaſt
Of that too lovely Maid
Ruſe ſwing to be preſt

3 Venus round Fannys waiſte
Hath her own Ceſtus Bound
With Guardian Cupids grac'd
Who ſport the Circle round
How happy will he be
Who ſhall her Zone unloſe
That bliſs to all but me
May Heav'n and ſhe refuſe

Flute

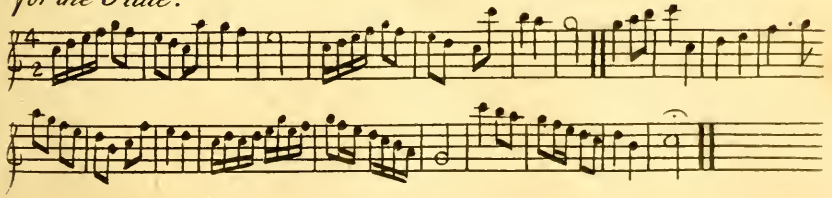
Vain Bellinda.



Various are the little Arts,
Which you Use to Conquer Hearts;
By empty threats he wou'd Affright,
And you by empty hopes invite.

Cowards may by him be Brav'd,
Fops may be by you enslav'd;
Then wou'd he Vanquish or you bind,
He must be brave, and you be kind.

for the Flute.



The Happy Man.

Happy Hours, all Hours excel-ling, when retir'd from crowds and noise: Happy

is that si-lent dwelling, fill'd with self-poſſeſſing Joys. Hap-py that content-ed Creature,

who with fewest things is pleas'd, And conſults ỹ voice of nature, when of ro-ving fancies eas'd.

Ev'ry Paſſion wisely moving,
Juſt as Reaſon turns the Scale;
Ev'ry State of Life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail:
Happy Man, who thus poſſeſſes,
Life, with ſome Companion dear;
Joys imparted, ſtill increaſes,
Greifs when told, ſoon diſappear.

for the Flute.

Daphne and Coridon.

Allegro. Ritt.

Daphne awake 'tis almost Day Who calls for Daphne Coridon My

Love 'tis day, what is't I fear But love and You but lovet you And as I fear you can't be

true, Then Gentle Youth be gone be gone.

Doubt not my Truth, my charming Maid,
I shall be always thine,
If Love for Love shall be repaid,
Dear Gentle Shepherd I'm afraid,
You can't be always mine,
You can't be always mine.

3

Let me enjoy those lovely Charms,
Or folded in these Longing arms,
Where Daphne I shall find,
I'll ne'er prove perjur'd or unkind,
Then haste ye Sheperds to the Grove,
And witness her reply to Love.

Allegro. for the Flute.

Set by Mr. Anthony Young.

With Arts oft Practic'd and admired, a Youthful Swain by Love in-

-spired, Long time pursu'd a fair. Her Coldness equal to his Love, repuls'd his

hope, his fears, improve, and Ad-ded to his Care, and Ad-ded to his Care.

2

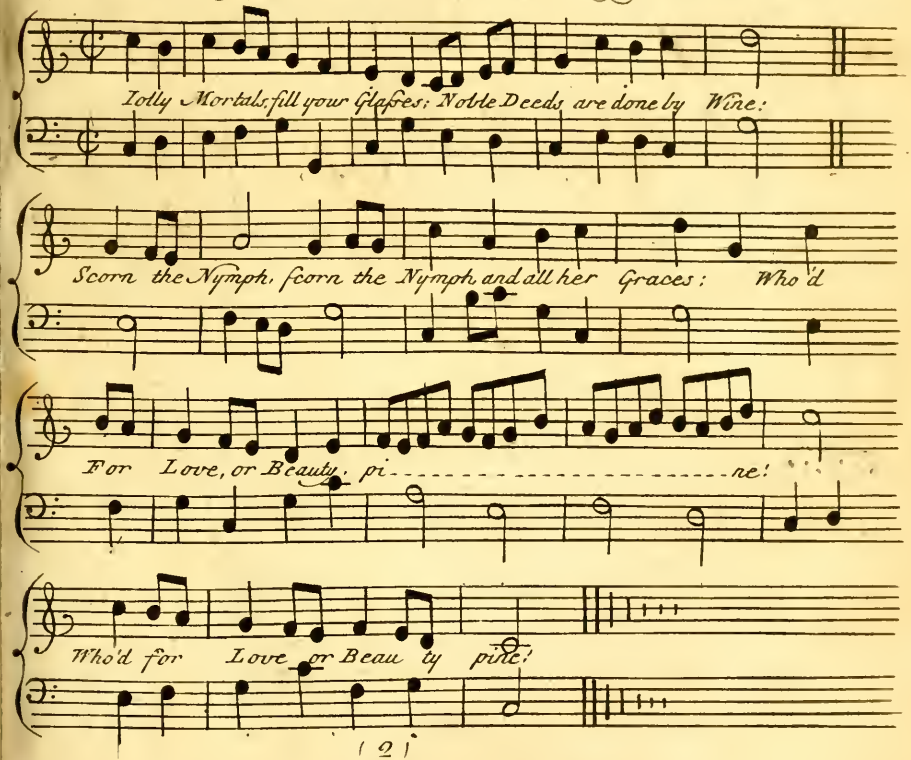
With Sighs and tears in vain he tries,
But Deaf to all his Pray'rs she flies,
As fast as he Pursues,
To which he answers in Disdain,
By trying to augment her Pain.
Your self the Conquest Lose.

3

Tis true I Lov'd you Cruel Maid,
But Love with Love should be repaid,
To make our Bliss Compleat,
Since I've requested you've Denied,
My Love as well as yours is try'd,
And I with ease Retreat.

for the Flute.

A Song Set by Mr Galliard.



(2)

Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
And a Thousand Charms you'll find,
More then Phyllis, tho' Just going
In the Moment to be kind.
In the Moment to be kind.

(3)

ALEXANDER hated Thinking,
Drank about at Council-board,
He fuddl'd the World by drinking
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

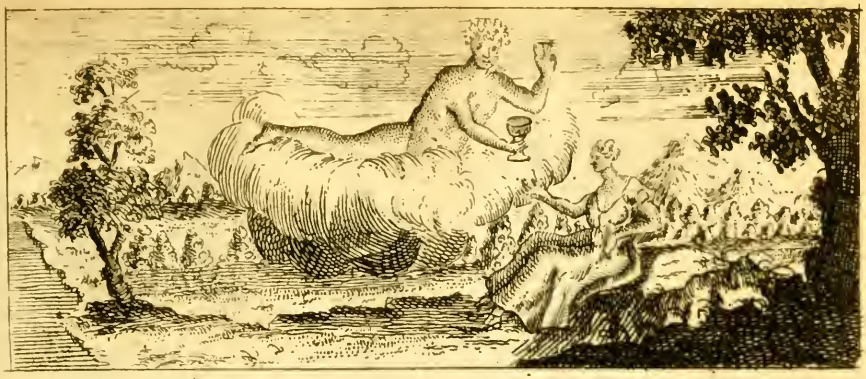
THE TOPER.

A Curse on all Care we'll Never dispair Whilst our Bottle is full
of good Claret Let Effeminate Asses still follow wild Lasses
we'll stick to our friends who have Merit Let Effeminate Asses still fol-
-low wild Lasses we'll stick to our friend who have Merit

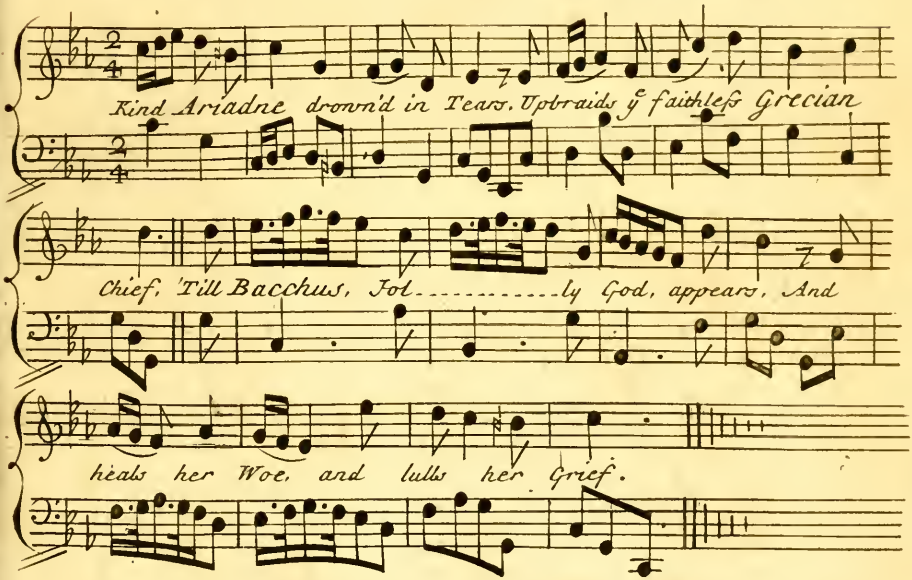
(2)

Then here my Brave boys
This never will Cloy
But ripen our time Each Hour
This this is true pleasure
Gives Joy out of Measure
And thus we support our own Power

Flute



A. Song Set by *Mr. John Sheeles*

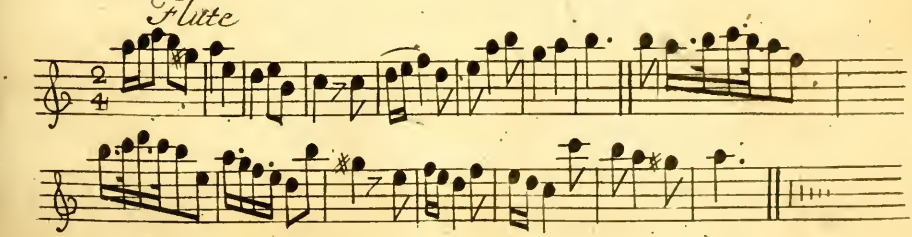


(2)

The Moral of this Tale implies,
When Woman yields her Virgin Store.
Away the fated Lover flies,
New Mines of Pleasure to explore.

(3)

A while she tries each Female Snare,
The loud Reproach, & sullen Grief;
But tired at length with fruitless Care,
Flies to the Bottle for Relief.



The Wheel of FORTUNE

The wheel of Life is turning quick round, & nothing in this World, of

certainty is found. The Midwife wheels us in, & Death Wheels us out.

good lack; good lack; how things are wheeld about.

Some few aloft on Fortunes (2) wheel do go,
And as they mount up high the others tumble low.
For this we all agree, that fate at first did will,
That this great wheel, should never once stand still.

The Courtier turns to gain his (3) private ends,
Till he's so giddy grown he quite forgets his friends,
Prosperity oft times deceives the Proud and vain,
And wheels about, so fast, it turn them out again.

Some turn to this, to that, and (4) every way,
And cheat and Scrape for what can't purchase one poor day,
But this is far below the generous hearted man,
Who lives, and makes, the most of Life he can,

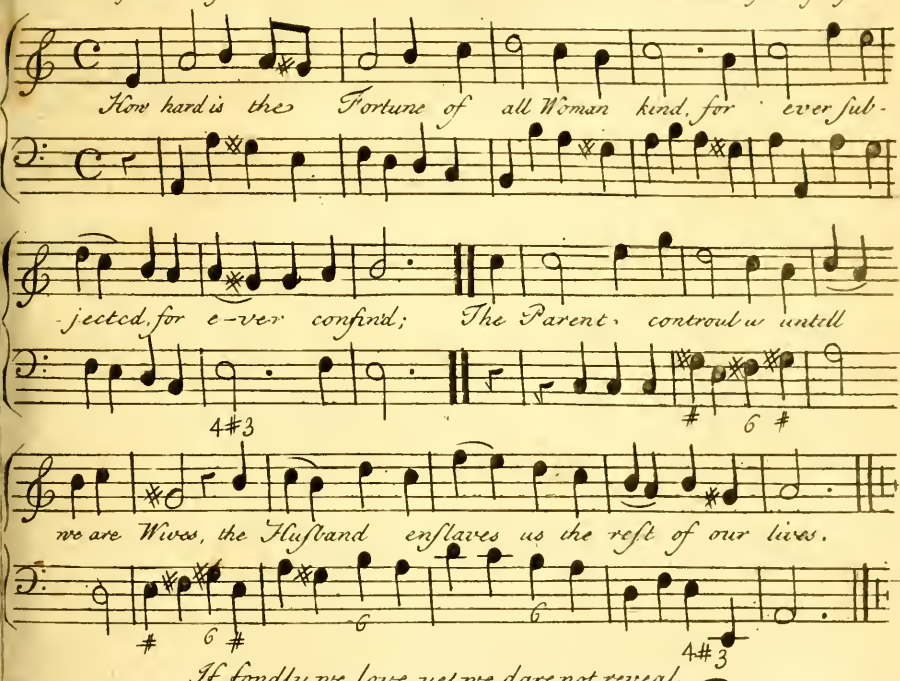
And thus we're wheeld about in (5) Lifes Short Farce,
Till we at last are wheeld of in a rumbling Hearse,
The Midwife wheels us in, and death wheels us out
Good lack; good lack; how things are wheeld about,

Flute

THE LADIES CASE.

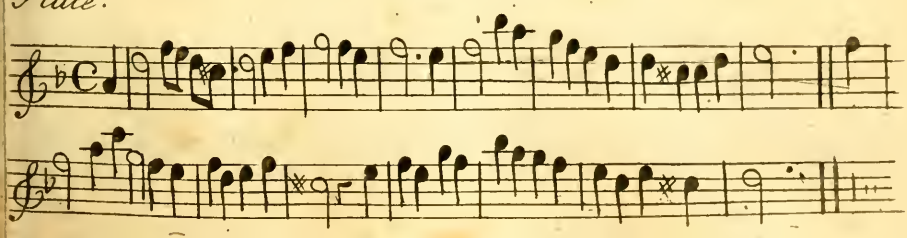
Sung by Miss Raftor at the Theatre Royal.

The Words by Mr. Carey — *The Tune by Mr. Gouge.*



If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal
But Secretly languish, compell'd to conceal
Deny'd e'ry freedom of Life to enjoy,
We're sham'd if we're kind, we're blam'd if we're coy

Flute.



The Modest Concealment.

Dear Collin prevent my warm Blushes, since how can I speak without

Pain my Eyes have oft told you my wishes, Oh can't you their meaning explain

My Passion would lose by expression, and, you too might cruelly blame, Then done you

expect a Confession of what is too tender to name, of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the Province of Speaking
Why should you expect it from me
Our wishes should be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they should be:
Then quickly why dont you discover,
Did your Heart feel such Tortures as mine
I need not tell over and over
What I in my Bosom confine.

Flute

A Scotch Song.

And this is no mines ain House I Ken by the bigging o't, Since

with my Love I chang'd vons I dinna like the bigging o't. For

now that I'm young Robie's Bride, and Mistress of his Fire side, mine.

ain House I'll like to guid and please me with the trigging ot.

Then farewell to my fathers House,
I gang where Love invites me,
The strictest Duty this allows,
When Love with Honour meets me
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my Kin,
And to Refuse him were a Sin
Sae langs he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain House,
True Love shall be at hand ay,
To make me Still a Prudent Spouse,
And let my man command ay.
Avoiding ilka cause of Strife
The common Pest of married Life
That makes me wearied of his Wife,
And breaks the kindly Band ay.

Flutes

The Solitary Lover.

Blow on ye winds descend soft Rains. To sooth my
ten der Greif; your solemn Musick lulls my
Pains, and give me short Re lief.

In some lone corner would I sit,
Retir'd from human kind;
Since Mirth nor Shou, nor sparkling wit
Can please my anxious Mind.

The Sun, which makes all nature gay
Torments my weary Eyes;
And in dark Shades I spend the Day
Where ecchо sleeping lies.

The sparkling Stars, which gayly Shine,
And glitt'ring deck the Night:
Are all such cruel Foes of mine,
I sicken at their Sight.

LUTE.

On a Lady Playing upon the Harpsicord. ——

If Musick be the voice of Love what Mortal Ear's secure with with Ulysses I must

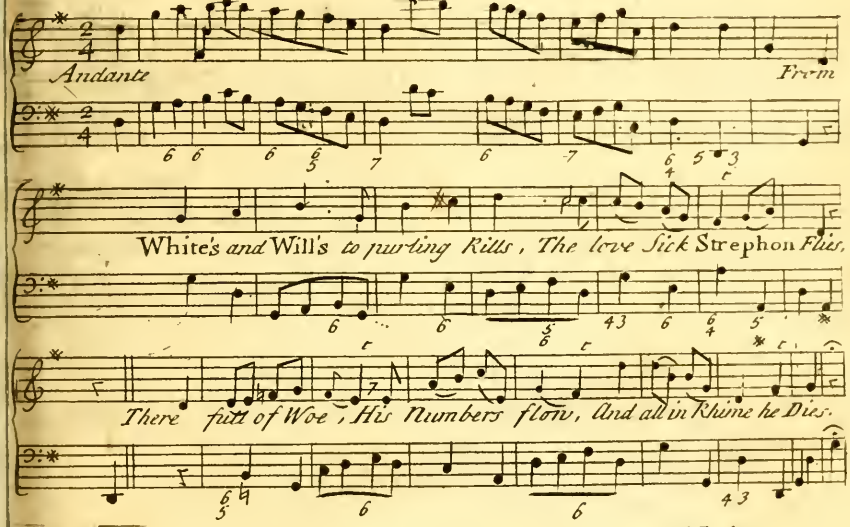
fail or with his Trinds endure Ah! poor evasion of my fate I court her

to be Dumb whose Guilty Eyes have thousands slain as thousands hath her Tongue

Absence the vulgar cure of Love
(A fruitless Balm) I try,
Absence may cure a lower flame
Mines too intense to die,
Return then Celia ease the smart,
Your presence lately gave,
The same fair hand thats skill'd to wound
The same fair hand can save

Flute

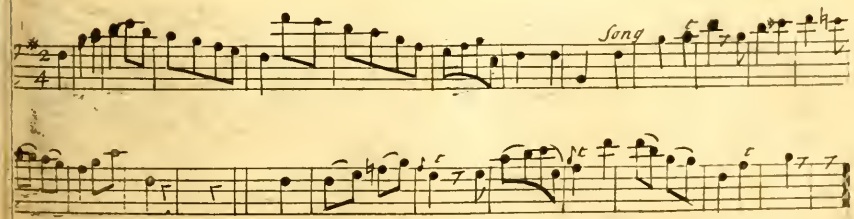
The Coquet. Set by Mr. Vanbrugh.



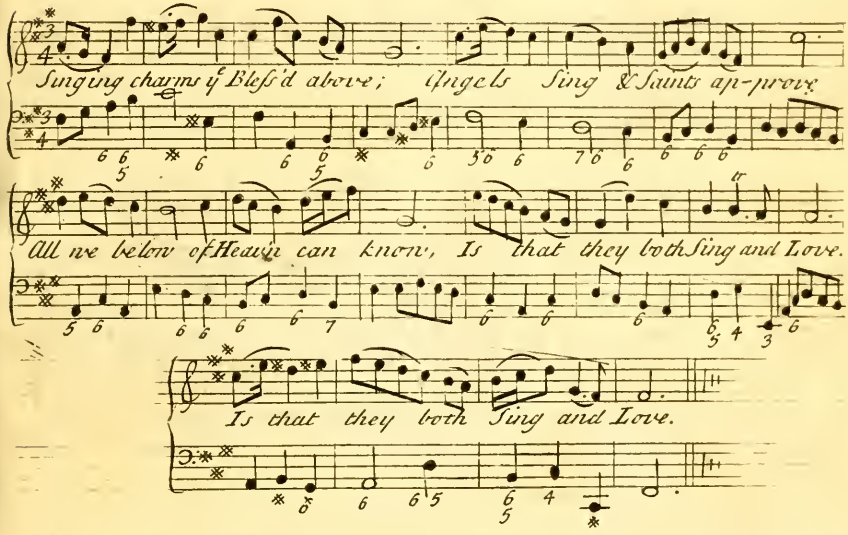
The Fair Coquet,
With feign'd Regret,
Invites him back to Town,
But when in Tears
The Youth Appears,
She meets him with a frown.

Full oft the Maid
This Prank had play'd
Till angry Strephon *swore;*
And what is Strange,
Tho' loth to change,
Would never see her more.

For the Flute



On Mira's Singing and Beauty. Set by Mr. Turner.



2

Mira hath an Angel's Air,
Sweet her Notes, her face as fair
Vassals and Kings,
Feel, when she sings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.

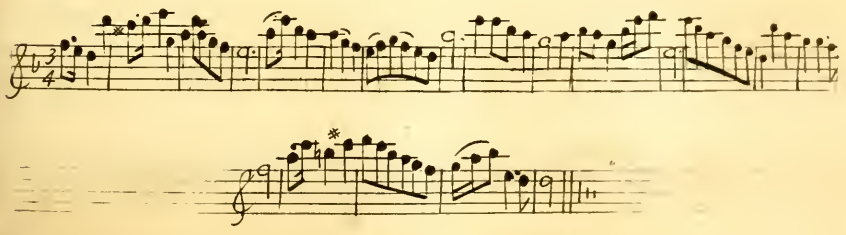
3

Savage Nature conquer'd lyes,
All is Wonder and surprise,
Souls Expiring,
Hearts a Fireing,
By her charming Notes & Eyes

4

Let the Viol and the Harp,
Hang & molder till they warp;
Let Flute and Lyre,
In Dust Expire,
Shatter'd by a Vocal Sharp.

For the Flute



The Going out in the Morning.

Hark away 'tis the merry toned Horn, calls the Hunters all up w.th the Morn, to the

Vivace

Hills & the woodlands we steer, to unharbour y.e out-lying Deer.

Minuet Chorus of Huntsmen.

And all the day long, this this is our Song, still hollowing & following so

Frolic and free, our Dogs know no bounds, while neer after y.e Hounds, no mortals on

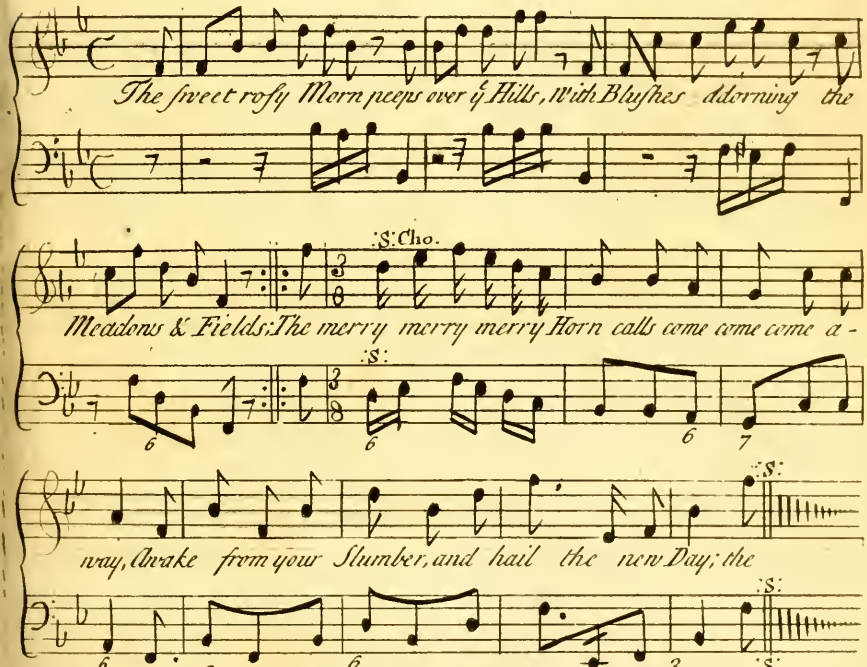
Earth are so jolly as we.

Round the Woods when we beat how we ring,
While the Hills they all Eccho Holo;
With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,
Then our Shouts they rebound to the Skies;
(Chorus) And all the Day long, &c.

When we Sweep o'er the Valleys or climb,
Up the Heath breathing Mountain Sublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
Which alone they who taste can reveal;
(Chorus) And all the Day long, &c.

For the Flute.

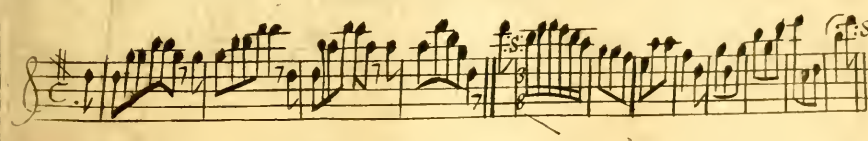
The Return from the Chace. Set by Mr. Leveridge.



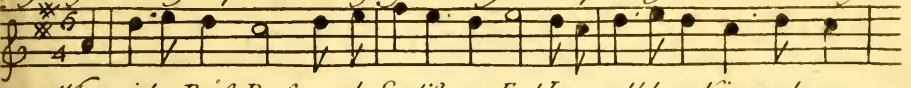
The Stag rouz'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the Chorus
Of Hounds in full Cry;
Cho. { Then follow follow follow follow
The Musical Chace,
Where Pleasure and vigrous
Health you embrace;

The Days sport when over,
Makes Blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh Charms for the Night.
Cho. { Then let us let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night
As our Sports crown ye Day.

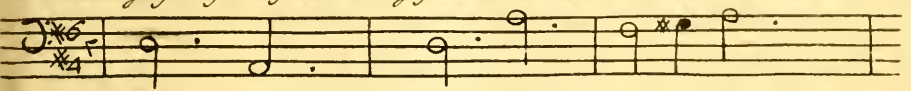
For the Flute.



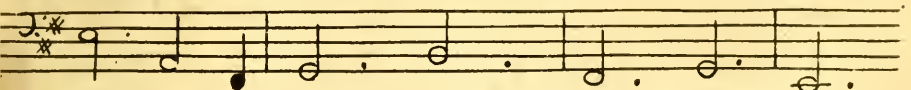
A song in Praise of Old English Roast Beef. by Mr. Leveridge.



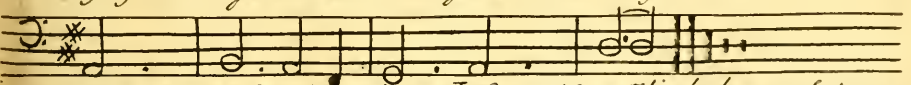
When mighty Roast Beef was the Englishmans Food It en-nobld our Veins and en- -



-riched our Blood Our Soldiers were brave and our Courtiers were good Oh the Roast



Beef of old England and old English Roast Beef



But since we have learn'd from all Conquering France
To eat their Ragouts as well as to dance
We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaisance
Oh the Roast Beef &c.

Our Fathers of Old were Robust stout and strong
And kept Open House with good Cheer all Day long
Which made their plump Tenants rejoyce in this song
Oh the Roast Beef &c.

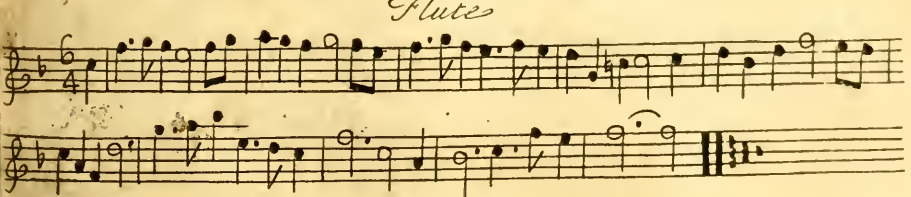
But now we are dwindled to what shall I name
A Sneaking poor Race half begotten - and tame
Who fully those Honours that once shone in Fame
Oh the Roast Beef &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sate on ye Throne
E'er Coffee and Tea and such slip slops were known
The World was in Terror if e'er she did frown
Oh the Roast Beef &c

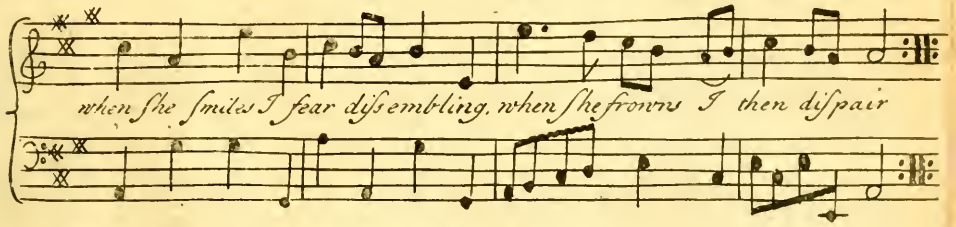
In those Days if Fleets did presume on the Main
They seldom or never return'd back again
As Witness the vauntins Arma-da of Spain
Oh the Roast Beef &c

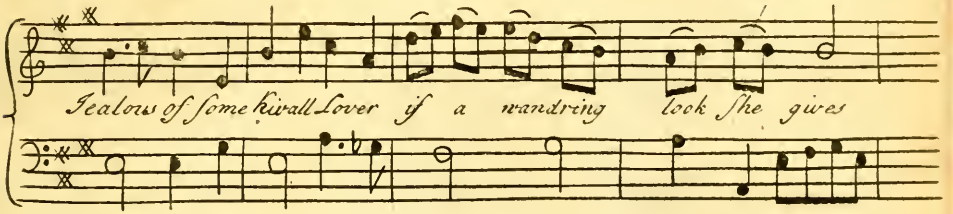
Oh then they had Stomachs to eat & to Fight
And when Wrongs were a cooking to do themselves Right
But now we're a- I can't but wood might
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England & Old English Roast Beef

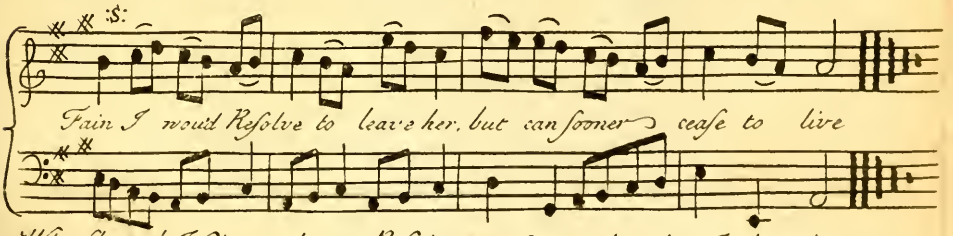
Flute



Whilst I gaiz'd on Cloe-Trembling, straight her Eyes my fate declare

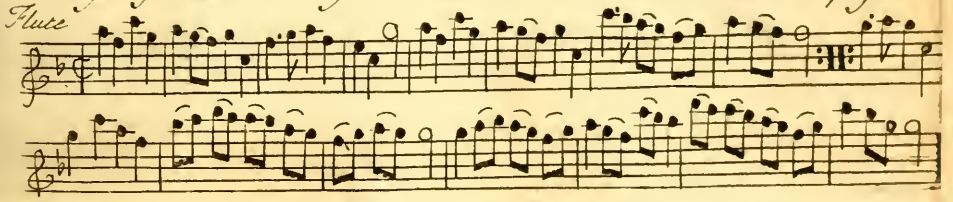

when she smiles I fear dissembling, when she frowns I then dispair


Jealous of some Rivall Lover if a wandring look she gives


Fain I would Resolve to leave her, but can sooner cease to live

Why Shoud I Conceale my Passion,
Or the Torments I endure,
I will disclose my Inclination,
Awfull distance yeilds no cure,
Sure it is not in her Nature,
To be Cruel to her slave
She is to Divine a Creature,
To destroy what She can save,

Happys he who's Inclination,
Warms but with a Gentle heat,
Never flys up to a Passion,
Lov's a Torment if to great,
When the storm is once blown over
Soon the Ocean quiet grows,
But a Constant faithfull Lover
Seldom meets with true repose,



A SONG by Mr. JOHN ALLCOCK

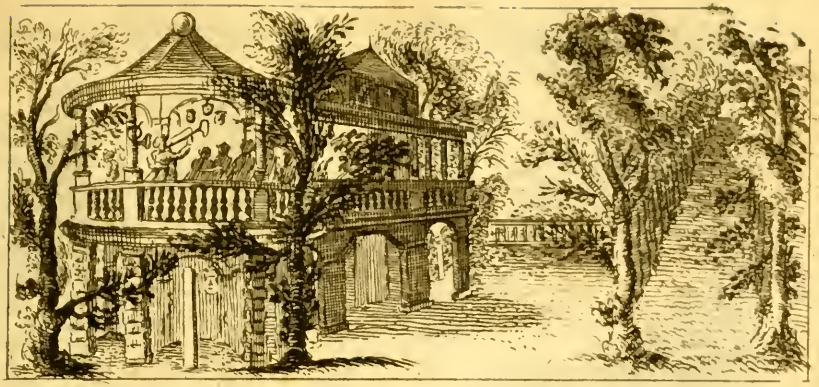
Ce-lin-da when I View that Face where Such In-

— chanting Sweetneſs Reigns I'm Sure of Ruin yet I

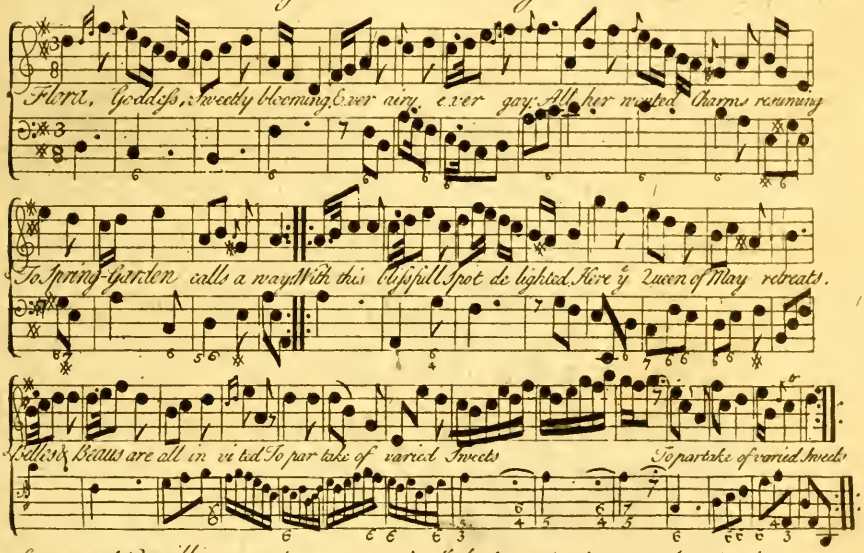
gaze and feed the Poiſon in my Veins

Thus o'er the ſoft attractive Fire
Hovers the Moth with Quivering Wings
Thus dies Unable to retire
And ſhun the fate Such rashneſs brings

FLUTE



Rural Beauty or Vaux-hall Gardens,



See a grand Pavillion yonder,
Rising near imbow'ring Shades,
There a Temple strikes with wonder,
In full view of Colonnades;
Art and Nature (kindly lavish)
Here their mingled Beauties yield;
Equal Here the Pleasures ravish,
Of the Court and of the Field.

Hark! what Heavenly Notes decending,
Break upon the listning Ear;
Musick all its Graces lending:
O'tis Extasy to hear!
Nightingales the Concert joyning,
Breathe their Plaint in melting Strains,
Vanquish'd now their Groves resigning,
Soon they fly to distant Plains.

Lo what Splendors round us darting,
Swift illume the charming Scene;
Chandeliers their Light imparting,
Pour fresh Beauties o'er the Green,
Glittring Lamps in order planted,
Strike the Eye with sweet Surprize:
Adam was not more inchanted
When he saw the Sun first rise.

Now the various Bands are seated,
All disposi'd in bright Array,
Business o'er and Cares retreated,
With soft mirth they close the Day.
Thus of Old the Sons of Pleasure,
Pass'd in Shades their favrite Hours,
Nectar cheering their gay Leasure,
Bless'd by Love & crown'd with Flow'r

Hunting Song for two Voices.

Away away the Stags at Bay the Stags at Bay Away away the

Away away the Stags at Bay the Stags at Bay

Stags at Bay the Hounds are waiting for their Pray the Huntsmans

way a way the Hounds are waiting for their Pray

Call invites ye all the Huntsmans Call invites ye all Come in come

The Huntsmans Call & Huntsmans Call invites ye all Come in come

in Boys while you may come in come in Boys while you may

in Boys while you may come in come in Boys while you may.

The jolly Horn the rosi Morn the rosi Morn,
The jolly Horn the rosi Morn:
With Harmony of deep mouth'd Hounds,
These these my Boys are heavenly Joys.
These these my Boys are heavenly Joys.
A Sportsmans Pleasure knows no Bounds.
A Sportsmans Pleasure &c.

The Horn shall be the Husbands &c. & Husbands &c.
The Horn shall be the Husbands &c.
And let him take it not in Scorn,
The great and Sage in ev'ry Age,
The great and Sage in ev'ry Age,
Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn,
Have not disdain'd &c.

The Lovers Complaint.

Ah cruel Fair can you leave me to dispair Or see my

Woe And yet no Pity shew O hear your swain Believe my

Pain or Death will soon remove ỹ Wretch you cannot love Or

Adagio

Death will soon Remove the Wretch you cannot love

Must all those Charmes.
Fill my happy Rivals Arms.
Must I repine.
Yet never see you mine.
O hapless Fate.
O cruelless Hate.
Yet Spite of your Disdain.
I still embrace my Chain.
Yet spite &c.

May you be blest.
And of all you wish possest.
While in some Cave.
Poor I distracted rave.
Woods rockes & Stones.
Shall hear my Groans.
And greater Pity shew.
Than you that caus'd my Woe
And greater &c.

THE CONTENTED CUCKOLD.

A Cuckold it is thought a most Reproachfull Name, tho'
Wives commit the Fault yet Husbands bear ye Blame. 'Tis
easy for a Woman a little Slip to make and if it
were uncommon, hon- mony Heads would ach.

I'll give my wife her humour if she but give me mine.
And if I feel a Tumour, I neaver shall repine;
If she a Cuckold make me, I'll pay her in her kind.
And may the Devil take me if ever I lag behind.

Flute.

THE NIGHTINGALE. Set by Mr. Carey.

While in a Bow'r with beauty blest, ỹ lov'd ỹ lov'd Amintor lies

while sinking on Lucindas Breast he fondly fondly kiss'd her Eyes

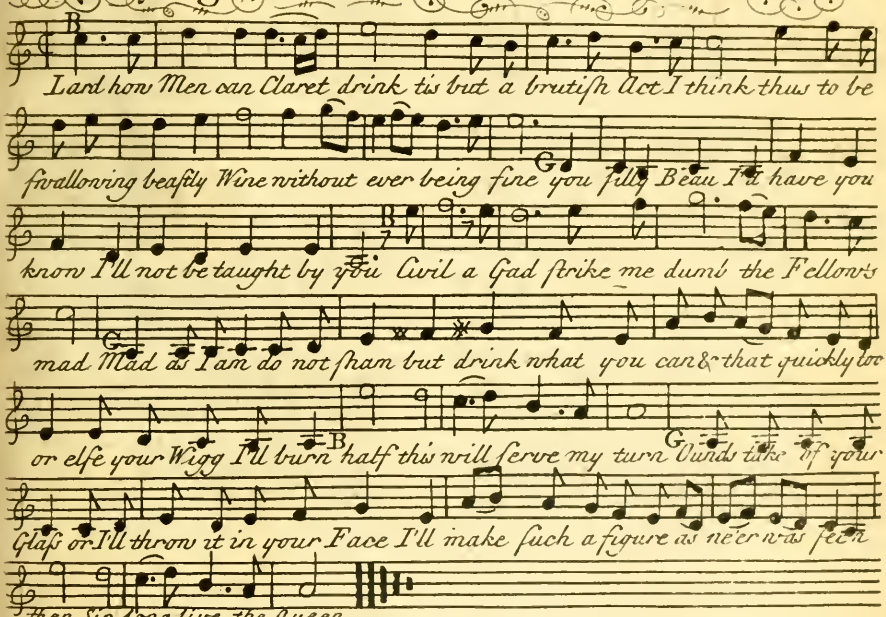
a wakeful Nightingal who long had mourn'd had mourn'd with in ỹ shade

sweetly renew'd her plaintive song and war - - - - bled through the Glade

Melodious Songstress; cry'd ỹ Swain,
To shades, to shades less happy go;
Or, if thou wilt with us remain,
Forbear, forbear thy tuneful woe;
While in Lucinda's arms I lie.
To song, to song, I am not free,
On her soft bosome, while I die,
I discord find in thee.

Flute

A Dialogue between a Good Fellow and a Beau.



B Oh you make me harred sick
I shall not be well this week
How is it possible men shoud live
G When these loads of wine you give
You silly Beau I'd have you know
B A Bumpers good to put about the blood
And sir no doubt but it will soon put life quite out
G Womens fouls that live by rules are fools
B Then sir dear sir adieu
B I'le take a Glass now and then
G But will never drink a gain
What a dix needs all this pother
Come heres another which I'le make you pledge
And then go hence
B Then sir long live the Prince
G Mighty well heres one more
It stands at your door
And a faith you shall not leave it in ye Lurch
B Then heres to England and the Church

For two Voices German Flutes or other Instruments

The Musick by Corelli

Moggy and Ienny both do undo me Moggy I love but Ienny purſues me

Moggy and Ienny both do undo me Moggy I love but Ienny purſues me

One is unkind the other too civil did ever Shepherd meet with ſuch Evil

One is unkind the other too civil did ever Shepherd meet with ſuch Evil

(2)

Moggy ſhe frowns whilſt Ienny looks ſmiling
One is ſevere the other Beguiling
Often I ſay Zonds Ienny be eaſy
Moggy replys the man ſure is crazy

(3)

Thus I am plagu'd 'twixt one and the other
Moggy my dear oh! help your poor Lover
If you're unkind, and will not be Civil
Ienny and you may go to the Devil

For the Flute

THE MAIDS REQUEST

Glide swiftly on thou Silver Stream Pursue the Lad I love In gentle

Murmurs tell my Flame and try his Heart to move & try &c

(2)

So may thy Banks be always Green,
Thy Channel never Dry;
If e'er thy Spring be failing seen,
My Tears shall that supply.

(3)

May Guilded Carps thy surface skim;
In Place of useless Weeds;
May Painted Flowers adorn thy Brim;
And Knots of bending Reeds.

Flute

Sicilliana

Make haste, and away mine only Dear! make haste and away, a-

-way for, all at the Gate, your true Lover does wait; and I

Prithee make no delay

2

O how shall I steal away my Love
O how shall I steal a way.
My Daddy is near, & I dare not for fear
Pray come then another day

3

O this is the only Day my life
O this is the only Day
I'll draw him aside while you throw the Gate
And then you may steal a way.

4

Then Prithee make no delay my dear
Then Prithee make no delay:
We'll serve him a Trick, for I'll slip in the
And to my true Love a way.

Chorus

O Cupid befriend a Loving Pair,
O Cupid befriend us we pray!
May our stratagem take, for thine own sweet
And Amen! let all true Lovers say

For the

FLUTE

Sung by Mr Charke & Miss Raftor in the Contrivance

The Power of Cynthia

Bright Cynthia's power divinly great what heart is not Obeying a thousand

Cupids on her wait and in her Eyes are playing She seems the Queen of Love to

Reign for She alone dispences such Sweets as best can entertain the Guss of all the Senses

Her face a Charming prospect bring.
Her Breath gives Balmy Blisses;
I hear an Angle when she sings
And taste of Heaven in Kisses
Four Senses thus she feasts with Joy
From Natures richest treasure;
Let me the other Sense employ
And I shall die with pleasure

Flute

Beautyful Dorinda.

Dorinda walking in a Grove one Eve to take ye air I Secretly there met my Love, most Beautifull and fair. The liſt'ning Birds who bore a part in a harmonious Strain did cause Dorinda for to start who fain would leave ye Plain

Ye Gods she cry'd some pitty take
On me unhappy Maid,
And do not me I beg forsake.
As Strephons me betray'd
Grant oh! ye powers what he's propos'd
They may but faithfull prove,
As I the Secret have diſclos'd
'Tis Strephon whom I love.

Flute

A two Part Song

In these Groves, with Content and Tranquility, free from envey

In these Groves, with Content and Tranquility, free from envey

care and Strife Blessd with Vigour, with Health, and a-

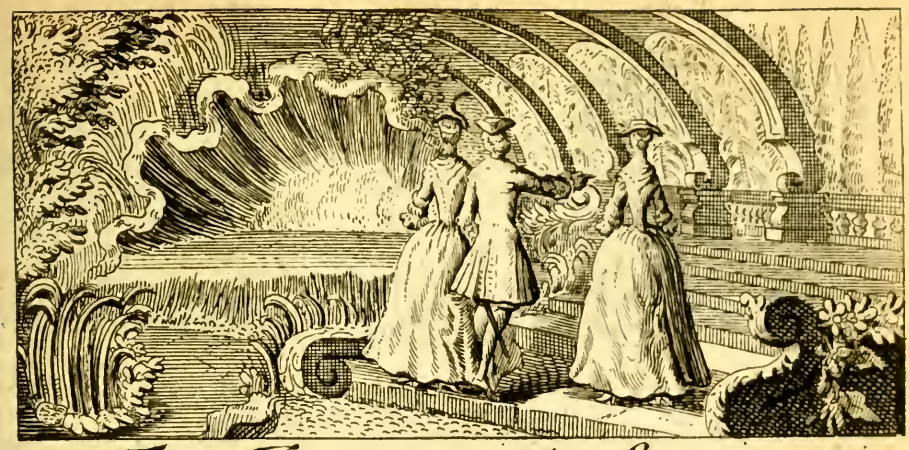
care and Strife Blessd with Vigour, with Health and a-

gility we enjoy a Peacefull Life

gility we enjoy a Peacefull Life

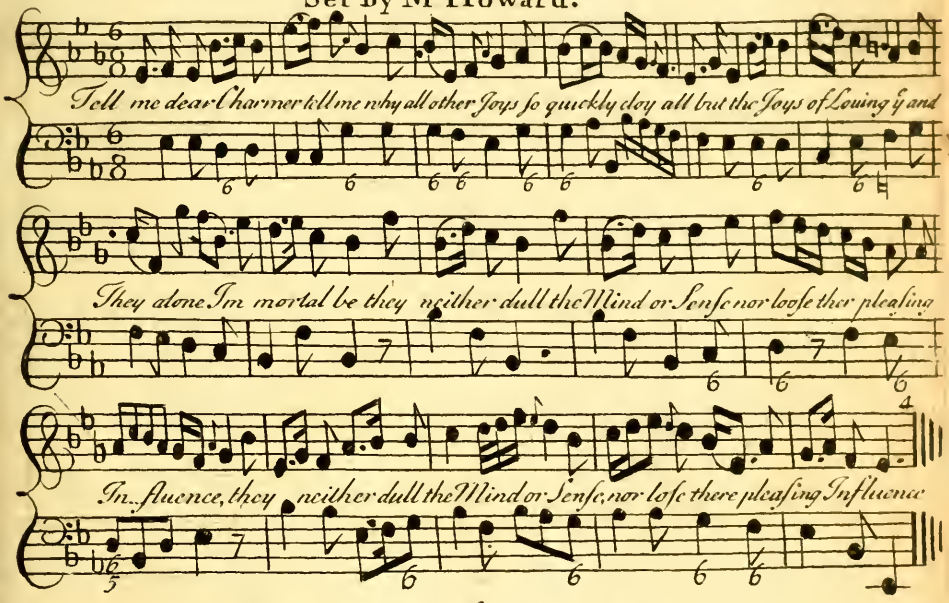
Endless Circles of Pleasure surrounding us
Ever chearfull ever gay
No Perplexities ever confounding us
Life in comfort slides away

FLUTE



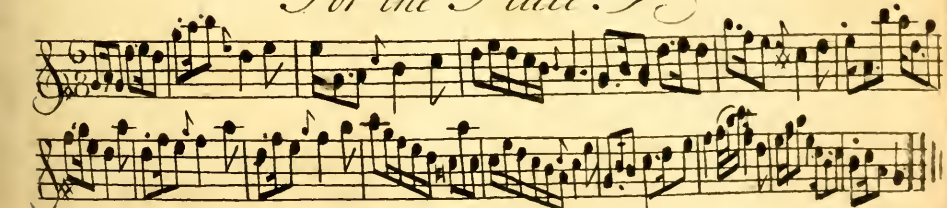
The Inamourd Swain.

Set by Mr Howard.



For ever I with fierce Desire
Could gaze on thee and never tire;
My ravish'd Ears cou'd all Day long
Feast on the Musick of thy Tongue,
And when that fails yet still in you.
I something find that's always new.

For the Flute.



THE
Adieu to Susan

All in the downs the fleet was moord & streamers waving in ye wind when black eyd Susan came a board O where shall I my true Love find Tell me ye Jovial Sailors tell me true If my Sweet William sails among yt Crew

William who high upon the yard
Rockd with the billows too and fro
Soon as her well known voice he heard
He Sighd and cast his Eyes below
The cord slides swiftly thro his glowing hands
And quick as lightning on ye deck he stands

3

So the sweet lark high poisd in air
Shuts close his Pinnions to his Breast
If chance his mate shrill call he hears
And drops at once into her Nest
the noblest Captain in the British Fleet
Might envy Williams Lips those Kisses sweet

4

O' Susan Susan lovly dear
My vows shall ever true remain
Let me kiss off that falling tear
We only part to meet again
Change as ye list ye winds my heart shall be
the faithfull compass that still points to thee

5

Believe not what the land men Say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind
They'll tell the Sailors when away
In every port a mistriss find
Yes Yes believe them when they tell thee so
For thou art present where soeer I go

6

If to far Indias Coast we sail
Thy eyes are seen in Dimond bright
Thy Breath is Africks Spicy Gale
Thy Skin is Ivory so white
Thus every beauteous Object that I view
Wakes in my Soul Some sharm of lovely Sue

7

Though Bottele calls me from thy Arms
Let not my pritty Susan morn
Though Cannons roar yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return
Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly
Lest pretious tears should drop from Susans Eye

8

The Boat Swain gave the dredfull word
The Sails their Swelling bosom Spread
No longer must She Stay on board
They kiss'd She sigh'd he hung his head
Her lessning boat unwilling rows to Land
Adieu She cries and wav'd her Lilly hand.

For the Flute

Jennys Lamentation

Twa Bonny Lads were Sanney & Jockey. Sanney was lovid but Jockey unlucky. Sanney was tall well favourid & Witty, But

Jockey was all, because he was pretty. For when he wood me Vievid me Said me Never was lad so like to undo me

Fye I cryd almost dyed, least is Should Rue me, If Jockey Should Gang and Come no more to me.

2

Jockey could love but he would not marry,
And I was afraid least I should miscarry;
His cunning tongue with Wit was so gilded,
That I was afraid least I might have ill did.
For when he Blessd me presid me kissd me,
Lost was the Hour I thought when he missd me.
Crying denying and Sighing I wood him.
And mickle adoo I had to get from him.

3

But cruel fate robid me of my Jewel,
For Sanney would make him fight in a Duell,
Down in a Dale with Cypress surrounded
Oh there to his death poor Jockey is wounded
For when he fellid him thrullid him killd him
Who can express my Greif that beheld him
Sighing I tore my hair all for to bind him
And vowd & Swore I would not stay behind him

4

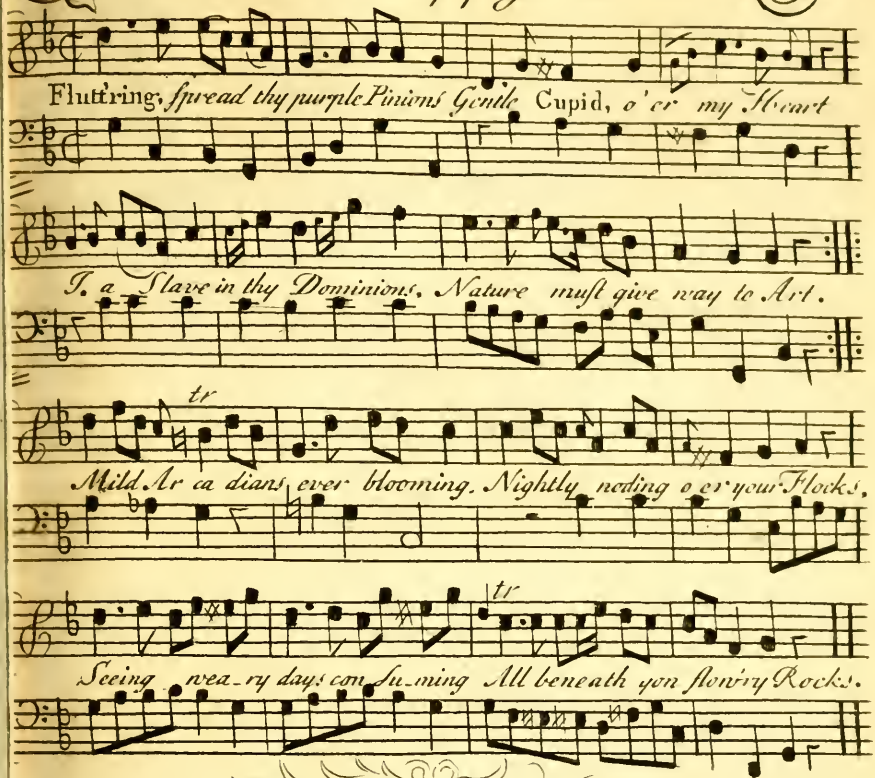
Thus Jenney for Jockey lay Sighing & weeping
For the loss of her dear whilst others are Sleeping
And Sanney to see her thus sorely distressed
For the loss of her dear in his heart was Oppressed
But when this Deluder wood her Suid her
She bid him begone and callid him Intruder
And Said Should you die for my love I would mock ye
You have been the Cause of the Death of my Jockey

5

Oh Jockey there's none that is left to inherit,
The Tythe of thy Virtue thy wondrous Merit;
Thy Goodness by me Shall neer be forgotten
I'll sing out thy Praise when thy Carcass lays rotten
For thou wert the fairest rarest and dearest
And now thou art gone like a Saint thou appearest
I'll have on thy Grave Stone this motto inserted
Here lies lifeless Jockey who Dyid broken hearted

flute

The Vnhappy Lover.



2

Thus, the Cyprian Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis Darling Youth;
Him, the Boar, in silence creeping.
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.
Cynthia tune harmonious Numbers.
Fair Discretion string thy Lyre.
Sooth my ever waking Slumbers.
Bright Apollo lend thy Choir.

3

Gloomy Pluto King of terrors.
Arm'd in Adamantine Chains.
Lead me to the Chrystal Mirrors.
Wat'ring soft Elysian Plains.
Mournful Cypress verdant willow.
Gilding my Aurelia's brow.
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow.
Hear me pay my dying Vow.

4

Melancholly Sooth Meander.
Swiftly purling in a Round.
On thy Margin Lovers wander.
With thy flow'ry Chaplets Crownd.
Thus when Philomella drooping.
Softly seeks some silent Mate;
See the Bird of Juno hooping.
Melody resigns to Fate.

Let Ambition Fire thy Mind thou wert born o'er

Men to Reign: Reign. not to follow Flocks Design'd,

Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain Not to follow Flocks de-

Sign'd Scorn thy Crook and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings shalt Tread,
Joys in Circles Joys shall meet
Which way e'er thy fancy leads.

Flute.

J. Smith. Inv.t & Sculp.

A Lover's Excuse for his Inconstancy.

No more my dear Silvia, tell me I rove, I'm constant you know to the Great God of

Love; To Love I am Sworn, to Love I am true, and follow his dictates as Lovers shou'd

do, But if Cupid turns Rover I must do so too, if Cupid turns Rover I must do so too,

I must do so too, I must do so too, if Cupid turns Rover, I must do so too.

From Beauty, to Beauty, the Wanderer flies,
And still with new Charms his Quiver supplies;
When from a new Beauty, he takes a fresh Dart,
The Eyes that supply him, soon pierce to my Heart.
But if Cupid &c.

From Chloe, Belinda, and Amoret's Charms,
To Phillis, and Delia, and Cloris's Arms,
I follow'd the God till he led me to You;
And as he leads on, thus I still must Pursue.
But if Cupid &c.

Flute.

The Lafs *of* Broomhall Green.

The Lafs of Broomhall Green when Coming from her Cow, dreft

like the Cyprian Queen, Love triumph'd on her Brow; Her Hair

surpaſs'd a Crown, the riſ---ing Sun her Eyes. Ma-jeſtick Robes

her Gown, a Goddeſs in Diſguiſe.

2

Her Breath Perfum'd the Air,
Not Paradice ſo Sweet,
Like ſhining Pearls her Hair,
As Indian Silks her Feet,
And when She Sung my Ears,
Were raviſh'd with her Voice,
The Muſick of the Spheres,
To hers was jarring noiſe.

3

I left her with regreet,
So gracefull was her mein,
That I ſhall ne'er forget,
The Lafs of Broomhall Green.
Nor dare th' admiring Fops,
Presume to court for She,
Muſt when the next life drops
The Landlords Heriot be.

Flute.

Love *Preferable to* Liberty.

Bright Chloe Innocent and fair Of Wit divine & Heav'nly Air, Chast

Sprightly Gay, and free, Upon young Thirsis cast an Eye n.t made the

Lovejick Shepherd cry, Adieu ma Liberté adieu ma Liberté

2

No more, the Youth with jocund Song,
Attracts the merry laughing throng,
With all his wanton Glee.
But, pensive, sits beneath the Shade,
While thus resounds th' ecchoing glade
Adieu ma liberte!

3

No more from fair to fair he roves,
No longer with loose he loves,
But full of Constancy:
He for bright Cloe only Sighs
By her o'er come, poor Thirsis cries.
Adieu ma liberte!

4

The Nymphs, who now his Passion know
With pitty mixt with envy glow,
While unattentive he
Thinks only of his Chloe's Charms
And mussing cries with folded Arms.
Adieu ma liberte!

5

Yet would the Smiling Maid approve,
My first Desire, my constant love,
Still would I faithfull be:
With joyfull heart I'd marriage try,
With joyfull heart would Thirsis cry
Adieu ma liberte!

for the Flute

In Beauty

Beauty gilds ỹ blushing Morn hangs ỹ dew drop on ỹ Thorn: Paints ỹ Rose in

rich ỹ Bloom, That fills ỹ Air with sweet perfume: But sweet perfume Nor Rose in

Bloom, nor dew drop bright nor morning Light, In charms can vie with womans Eye

In womans Eye we rapture view Beauty at once and Pleasure too

Flute

The Lovers Protestation

No more shall Buds on Branches spring, Nor Violets paint ỹ Grove, Nor

warbling Birds delight to Sing If I forsake my Love The Sun shall cease to spread his

light ỹ Stars their Orbits leave And fair Creation Sink in Night When I my Dear deceive.

For the German and Common Flutes

On Zelinda

On dear Zelinda's charms I gaze, And drink distruction from her Eyes, In those bright

Orbs Love gayly plays And laughing bids his Arrows fly He wounds without ceasing if

Pain is yet pleasing so sweet is ye anguish I love & I languish I love & I languish And

when from my charmer me thinks I cou'd Dye, & when from my charmer methinks I cou'd dye.

With Venus when on Ida's Groves
For charms Zelinda may compare
She looks and moves ye Queen of Love
As fair her face divine her air
Bright Youth & good nature
Light up every feature
With wit all inviting
She's gay and delighting
Inviting delighting
O Cupid assist my charmer to move
O Cupid assist me my charmer to move.

Flute

Advice to Cxalia

Oh Celia recall thy lost Hours And Duty & Reason obey, Despise Love and

all those false Power That first gave young Strephon y Sway: Believe me y

Swain is a Rover, Nor constant to any can be, Then prithee dyscard, dyscard

such a Lover And once more resolve to be free & once more resolve to be free.

Flute

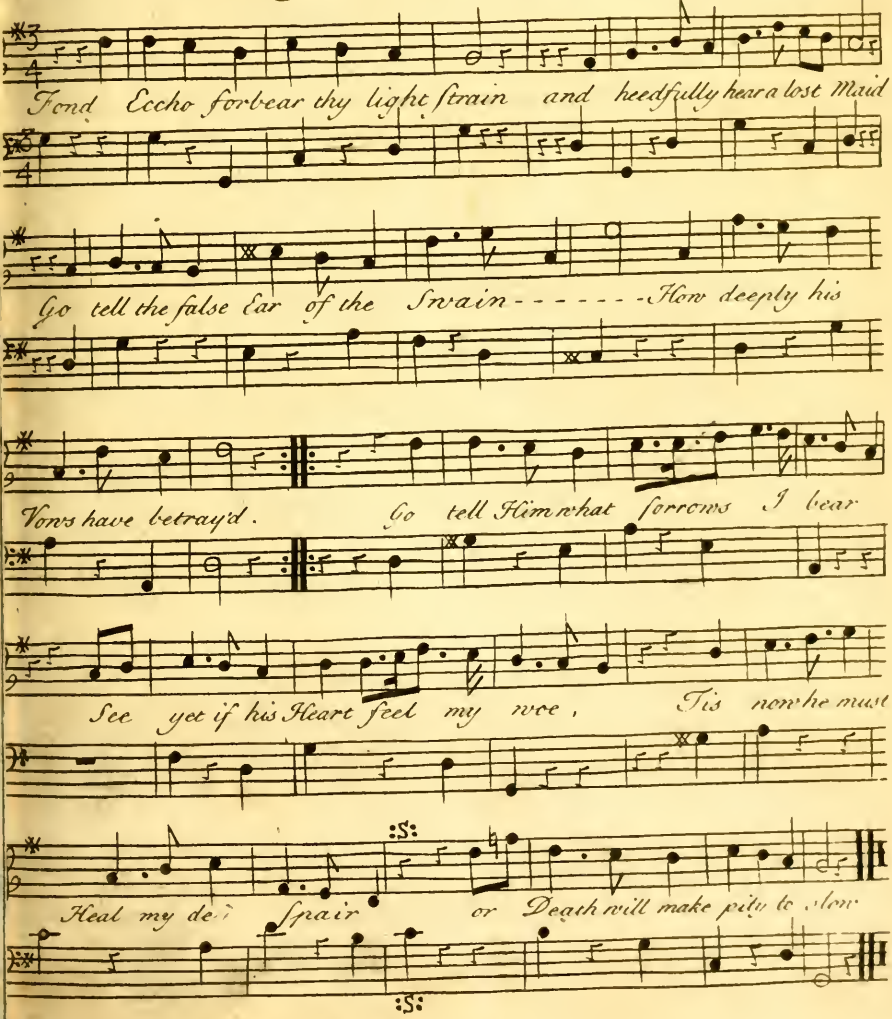
Florella

Why will Florella when I gaze my ravish'd Eyes reprove And
chide them from the on - - ly Face they can behold with Love.
To shun your Scorn & ease my care I seek a Nymph more kind, And
while I range from Fair to Fair, Still gentle Ll - - sage find.

But Oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy
Where Nature has no part
New beauties may my Eyes employ
But you engage my Heart
So restless Exiles as they roam,
Meet pitty ev'ry where,
But languish for their Native home
Tho Death attends them there.

Flute

The forsaken Maid.



Ghosts of Ev-ry Occupation Ev-ry rank & Ev-ry Nation

Some with Grim's all Foul and Spotted Some to happy Fates allotted

press the Stygion lake to pass hear a Soldier roars like Thund'ring prats of

Wenches wine & Plunder States men here the times accusing Poets sence for Rimes a

busing Lan^rs Chatt'ring Courtiers Flatt'ring Bullies ranting Zealots Canting

Knavs and Fools of ev-ry Class Knavs & Fools of ev-ry Class.

The Spring Wish.

Come Flora sweet my Garden grace Therein each Flow'r in

Or-der place, For me ex--ert your utmost Skill, Here Form me

an I---da----lian Grove; where I unsleepse--cure may

rove, And kind re--pose me at my Will.

In midst of it a Fountain place,
And with Junquils ye Margin grace,
Whose golden Hue denote ye Spring;
And let a Wood this Bank surround,
Winding in mazy Circles round,
Where Choristers do sweetly sing.

Without ye Wood let there be seen
Gay Tulips streak'd with verdant green
Iris and Silver Daffodils,
And let the fine Hungarian Rose,
And Williams sweet a Bed compose,
Which oft ye Lawn with Odour fills.

And let all these for Beauty fam'd
And many more as yet unnam'd
For me delicious Walks disclose
With Pleasure there my Mind I'll fill,
And sweetly then my self I will
Upon the Fountain Bank repose.

Flute

The Sailors Complaint.

Come and listen to my Ditty all ye jolly Hearts of Gold; I end a Brother Tarr your

Pity who was once so stout & Bold: But the Arrows of Cupid alass has made me

true; Sure true Love was ne'er so treated, as I am by scornful Sue.

2

When I landed first at Dover,
She appear'd a Goddess bright;
From Foreign Parts I was just come over,
And was struck with so fair a Sight:
On the Shore pretty Sukey walked,
Near to where our Frigate lay,
And altho' so near the Landing
I, alass! was cast away.

3

When first I hal'd my pretty Creature,
The delight of Land and Sea;
No Man ever saw a sweeter,
I'd have kept her Company:
I'd have fain made her my true Love,
For Better, or for Worse;
But alas! I cou'd not compass her,
For to swear the Marriage Course.

4

Once no greater Joy and Pleasure,
Cou'd have come into my Mind,
Than to see the Bold — Defiance,
Sailing right before the Wind:
O'er the white Waves as she danced,
And her Colours gayly flew;
But that was not half so charming,
As the Trim of lovely Sue.

5

On a rocky Coast I've driven,
Where the stormy Winds do rise,
Where the rowling Mountain Billows,
Lift a Vessel to the Skies;
But from Land, or from the Ocean,
Little dread I ever knew;
When compared to the Dangers,
In the Frowns of scornful Sue.

6

Long I wander'd why my Jewel,
Had the Heart to use me so;
Till I found by often Sounding,
She'd another Love in tow:
So farewell hard hearted Sukey,
I'll my Fortune seek at Sea,
And try in a more friendly Latitude,
Since I in yours cannot be.

Flute

Lucretia —

Lucretia the Empire of Rome did de-stroy & Helen they say was the

Ruin of Troy. the One was too wanton, the other too nice Ex-

treams still prove fatal in Virtue and Vice

To be Shipwreck'd on either I never design.
But to sail between both in a Sea of good Wine.
What tho' some dull Matron our Mirth disapprove.
Tis safer for Ladies to drink than to love.

Here's a Health to all those that are better than wise,
Who scorn to be Vicious yet are not precise,
What tho' some dull Matron our Mirth disapprove.
Tis safer for Ladies to drink than to love.

Flute.

Bonny Jean.

Love's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove, Said, Cupid bend thy Bow with Speed; Nor
let thy Shafts at Random rove, For Jeany's haughty Heart must bleed. The
smiling Boy with cunning Art, From Paphos shot an Arrow keen, which
flew un-erring to the Heart And kill'd the Pride of bonny Jean

No more ye Nymph with haughty Air,
Refuses Willie's kind Address,
Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,
But too much Fondness to suppress.
Her Charms disclos'd, She looks more bright,
Than Troy's great Prize the Grecian Queen.
With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

Flute

The Dispute of the Gods Decided by Venus.

Two Gods of great Honour Bacchus & Apollo one famous in Musick the other in Wine in

Heaven were raving disputing & braving whose Theme was the noblest & trade most divine if

Musick says Bacchus will stun us & rack us did Claret not soften the Discords you make Songs

are not inviting nor Verses delighting till Poets of my great Influence partake.

2

In young plump & Jolly free from Melancholy
Who ever grew Fat by the Sound of a String
Was doom'd to a Gibbet do often Contribute,
Purchase a Bottle before they dare Sing.
Love I am noted by Old and Young Courted
Girl when Inspir'd by me is Soon won;
great are the motions of one of my Portions
Muses tho' maids I could whore e'ry one.

3

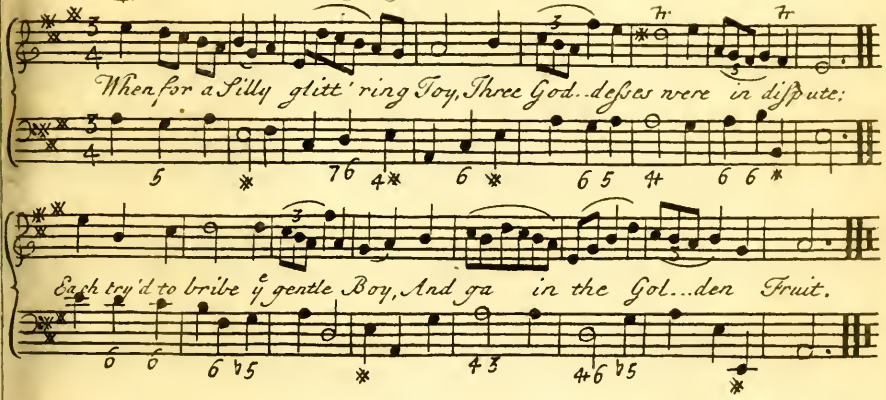
Even mortals are fretted perplex'd or Indebted
me as a Father for Succour they cry;
her sad Conditions I hear their Petitions
Bottle revives the Oppress't Votary.
n leave of your Tootang y. Fidling & Fluteing
de throw your Harp and now bow to a Flask,
Joys they are Riper than Songs from a Piper,
ot Musick is Greater than sounding a Cask.

Says Phœbus this Fellow is Drunk sure or mel-
To prize Musick less than Wine and October;
When those who love drinking are past thoughts of thinking,
And want so much wit is to keep themselves Sober.
Us they were thus wrangling a scolding & Jangling,
Came buxom bright Venus to end the Dispute:
Says she now to ease ye Mars best of all pleas'd me,
When arm'd with a Bottle & Charm'd with a Flute.

5

Your musick has Charm'd me your wine has alarm'd me
When I have shew'd coyness & hard to be won;
When both have been moving I could not help loving
And Wine has compleated what Musick begun
The Gods struck with wonder cou'd both by Jove's Thunder
They'd mutually Joyn in supplying Loves flame
Since each in their Function movid on in Conjunction
To melt with soft pleasures the Amorous Dame

The Judgment of Paris.



(2)

To me, said Juno, give the Prize;
A Kingdom shall be your Reward:
I'll give you Wisdom Pallas cries,
More worthy your Regard.

(3)

Here Venus artfully Step'd in;
My Present will more tempting prove.
A Beauty promis'd, let Me win,
And quit all else for Love.

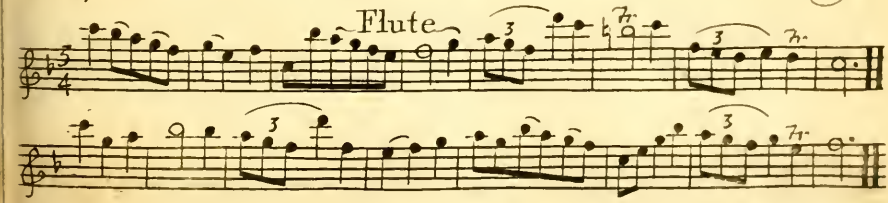
(4)

She said: he bow's & thus replies,
Goddess, I can't but take this part:
What King so great, what Sage so wise;
As He who rules a Heart!

(5)

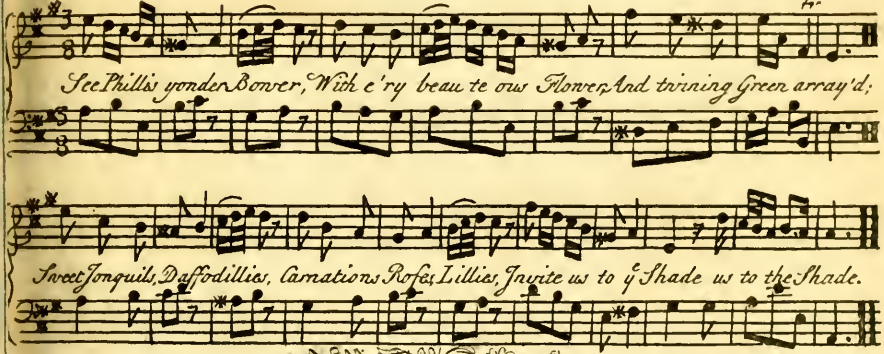
Like Paris I would scorn a Crown,
To Pow'r, or sordid Riches blind:
I'd Learning slight, my Books lay down,
Would Emma but be kind.

Flute



The Compassionate Maid

Set by Mr. R. Vincent



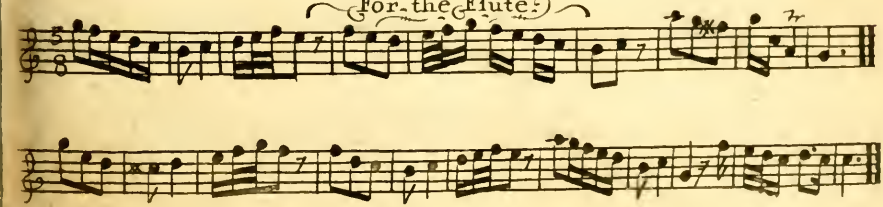
(2)

There clasping The, my Treasure,—
In Extacy 'bove measure,
I'll on your Bosom lye; ——
While you're with Looks expiring,
My Blissful Death desiring,—
My Soul with Joy shall Fly.—

(3)

With balmy melting Kisses,—
I'll crown my Dying Blisses,—
Whilst you, in Pity cry;—
"My Love, I'll not be cruel,—
"But in this amrous Duel,—
"We'll both together Die. ——

For the Flute.



ON Princess Amelia.

Set by Dr. Greene

Ye Nymphs of Bath prepare ye Lay, Why, why are you so slow to pay? Ame-lia claims the Song:

But if you fear to wrong your Cause so borrow from ye Croud Applause and rob the publick Tongue

Sweet as her Softly flowing Name,
Sweet is Amelia's rising Fame;
And as her Virtue Great:
Attend ye Nymphs the favirite Sound,
And what from Shore to Shore goes round,
Let Avon's Banks repeat.

(3)

See, See, and Sure you can no less,
See how the thronging People press!
Who, dwelling on her Face,
Cry, is She then of Brunswick's Line?
Are all like Her are all Divine?
And bless the Royal Race.

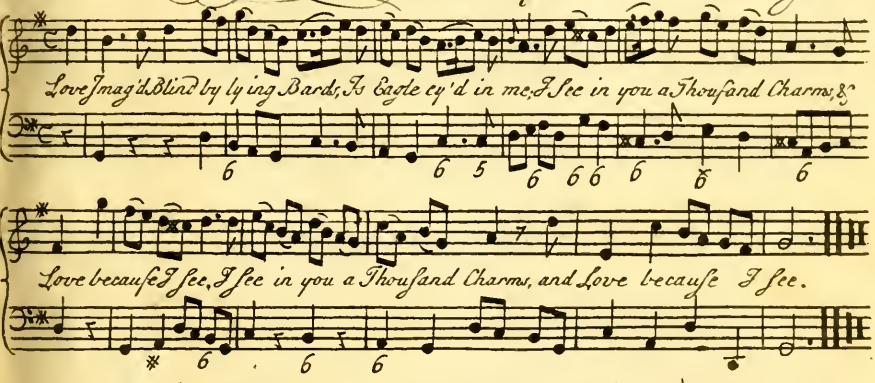
Encircled by our British Fair,
The Boast of Nature and her Care!
Amelias charms alone;
And will it not your Ear amaze,
To hear ev'n vanquish'd Beauty praise,
And Pride to be out Shone?

(5)

But chief our Youthfull Heroes trace,
While humbly on that Form they gaze,
And tell us their Surprise;
Yet how ye Nymphs can that be Said?
No, No; let's be content to read
There wonder in their Eyes.

Flute

To Sallinda. Set by Mr. Festing



(2)

When Nature form'd that Angel Face,
She lavish'd all her Pow'r:
Be this, She cry'd my Master Piece,
Kneel Mortals, and adore.

(3)

Like her own Flora's vernal Blush,
Your blooming Cheek she dyes,
And from the Morning Dew-drops takes
The Lustre of your Eyes.

(4)

Like equal rows of Orient Pearl,
She sets your even Teeth;
With live Vermillion stains your Lip,
With Nectar Dews your Breath.

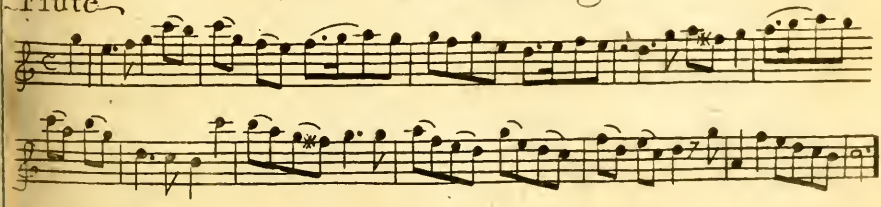
(5)

Fond Love, and open Truth appear,
The Features of your Mind;
And Pleasure Speaks in ev'ry Glance,
The Wish of all Mankind.

(6)

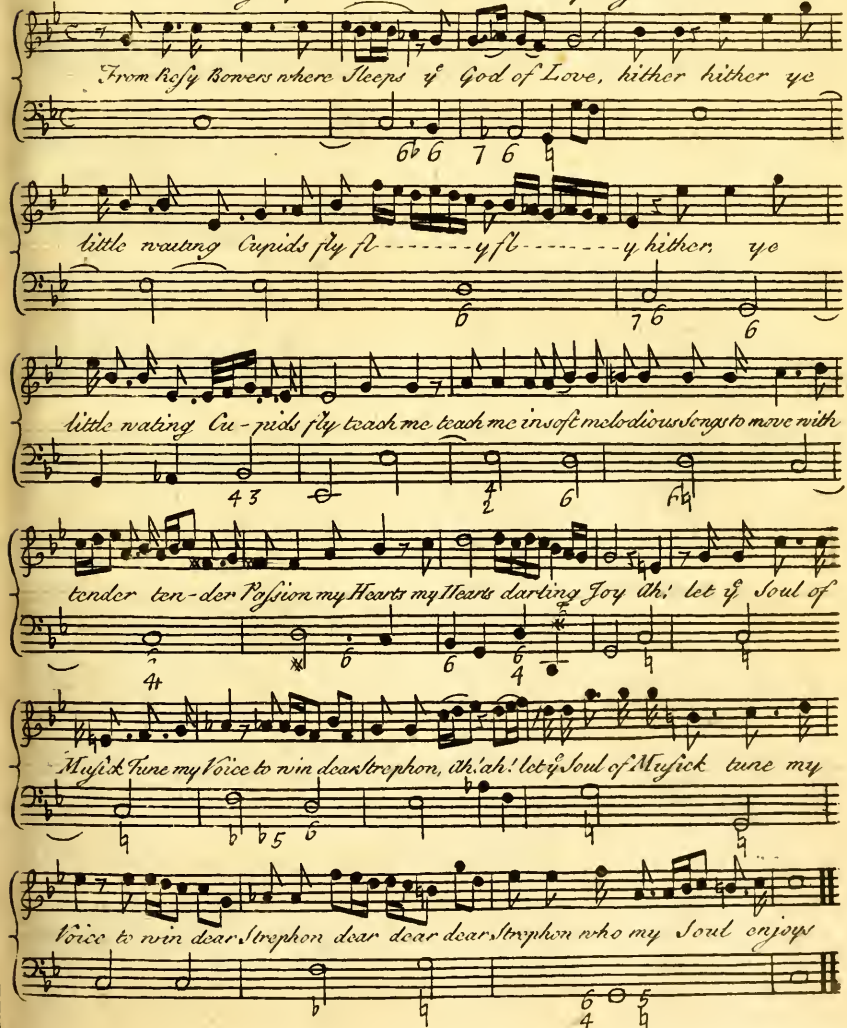
Where all the Graces thus Unite,
'Tis Merit to Approve;
And Reason, which at first Admir'd,
Is forc'd to end in Love.

Flute



THE DELIRIOUS LADY.

To her Grace the Dutchess of Bedford this Song of Percel's is humbly Inscribd



Or if more influencing is to be brisk & airy With a Step & a Bound & a Frisk from ye
Ground I will trip like any Fairy: As once on Ida dancing were three Coelestial Bodies,
With an Air & a Face & a Shape & a Grace let me charm like Beauty's Goddess, With an Air & a
Face & a Shape & a Grace let me charm like Beauty's Goddess. Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all 'tis
all, all in vain Death & despair may't end ye fa-tal Pain, cold Despair, cold cold De-
spair dejected like Snow & Rain falls, falls, falls on my Breast: Bleak Winds in Tempest
Blo-----w in Tempests blo-----w my Veins all shiver & my Fingers glow My

Pulse beats a dead dead March my Pulse beats a dead, dead March for lost Repose

And to a Solid lump of Ice my poor poor fond Heart is frone.

Or say ye Pow'rs say say ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown,

shall I shall I shall I thaw my Self or drown shall I shall I, shall I thaw my self or drown, a

mongst fy foaming Billows Increasing all with Tears I shed on Beds of Ooze & Crystal Pillons lay

down, down, down, lay down, down, down my Lovesick Head, Say say ye Pow'rs say say ye Pow'rs my

Peace to crown shall I shall I shall I thaw my self or drown shall I shall I shall I, thaw my

Self or drown No no no no no I'll straight run Mad Mad Mad Mad Mad that

Scen that soon my Heart will warm, When once ỹ Sence is fled is fled Love Love has no

Pow'r, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to charm, Love has no Pow'r no, no, no, no Love has no

Pow'r no no no no no no no no no Pow'r to charm Wild thro ỹ Woods I'll fl----

----y Wild thro ỹ Woods I'll fl---------y Robes, Locks shall thus,

thus, thus, thus, be torc a Thousand, Thousand Deaths I'll dye a Thousand Thousand

Deaths I'll dye e're thus thus in vain, ere thus thus in vain thus in Vain adore.

THE DIFFIDENT LOVER

When Cloe was by Damon seen, What Heart could be unmov'd she

look'd so like ye Cyprian Queen, He gaz'd admirt. and lov'd, He

lov'd alas! but lov'd in vain & full of grief & care, he knew he never

could obtain ye lovely charming fair, ye love-ly charming fair.

Cloe deserv'd a better Swain:
He, not so fair a Bride:
Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain
He lov'd despair'd and dy'd;

Take pity, then, thou charming Maid,
For Cloe's case is thine
I dare not ask so much I dread
Must Damons fate be mine.

Flute

The Power of Music.

Music how powerfull is thy Charm, that can ye fiercest Rage disarm: Calm
Passions in a human Breast and Lull e'en Jealousy to rest: With amrous
Thoughts ye Soul inspire, Or kindle un a Warlike Fire, So great is Music's Power.

Amphion with his tunefull Lyre
Could Rocks remove & Stones inspire;
Commands a City to arise,
And lofty Buildings touch ye Skies
While Stones, obedient to his call,
Harmonious mov'd & form'd a Wall,
So great is Musics Pow'r

Arion from his Vessel cast,
In safety o'er the Seas he pass'd
For, mounted like ye Ocean's God,
Upo^n a Dolphin's Back he rode:
Whilst Shoals of Fishes flock'd arou^nd
Well pleas'd, drank in ye charming Sou^nd
So great is Musics Pow'r

Sad Orpheus through Hells dreary coast
Was seeking for his Consort lost,
His Music drew ye Ghosts along
And Furies listend to his Song
His Song coud Charon's Rage disarm
And Pluto & his Consort charm
So great is Musics Pow'r.

Inflam'd by Music Soldiers fight,
Inspir'd by Music Poets write.
Music can heal the lovor's wounds
And Calm fierce Rage by gentle Sounds
Philosophy attempts in vain
What Music can with ease attain
So great is Musics Pow'r

Flute

Reason for Loving.

Addreſs'd to Salinda

If Beauty's ſure a tone invite Abſence may heal our Pain, But

Prudence vainly quits her ſight, whoſe ſence and worth re main. But

Prudence vainly quits her Sight, whoſe Sence and worth re main

The fairest Face we may Diſpiſe,
Which hides a foolish Mind,
But Reaſon guids ye Lovers Eye
When Charms and Wit are joyn'd.

Caught by thy Perſon & thy Sence,
Tis both alike I fear,
For if ye Eye could make diſence,
You'd Conquer by the Ear.

For the Flute.

TO AMANDA.

Not too fast

For-ev er Fortune, wilt thou prove An un-relenting Foe to Love, &

wn. we meet a mutual Heart; come in between & bid us part: Bid us Sigh

on from Day to Day, & wish & wish the Soul a way, Till Youth, &

Ge-ni-al Years are flown And all the Life of Life is gone.

But Busy, Busy still art thou,
To bind the Loveless Joyless Vow,
The Heart from Pleasure to delude
To bind the Gentle with the Rude:

For once, O Fortune! hear my Pray'r
And I absolve thy Future Care;
All other Blessings I resign,
Make but ye dear Amanda mine.

Flute

Mad Bess

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell

From silent Shades and the Elizian Groves, where sad departed Spirits mou- - - - rn their

Loves, from Chrystal Streams & from that Country where Jove crowns ye Fields with Flowers

all the Year, poor senseless Bess cloath'd in her Rags & Folly, is come to cure her Love-sick

Melancholly Bright Cynthia keep her Revels late, while Mab ye Fairy Queen did dance,

and Oberon did Sit in State, when Mars at Venus run his Lance; in yonder Conslip

lies my Dear entomb'd in liquid Gems of Dew, each day I'll water it with a Tear,
the fading Blossom to re new. For since my Love is dead and all my Joys are
gone poor Bess for his Sake a Garland will make, my Musick shall be a Groan, I'll
lay me down and die within some hollow Tree, the Raven and Cat, the Owl and
Bat, shall war ... ble forth my Ele ... gy. Did you not see my Love as he past
by you, his two flaming Eyes if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your
Hearts: Ladys beware ye, lest he shou'd dart a Glance that may ensnare ye,

Hark, hark I hear Old Charon bawl, his Boat he will no longer stay, the

furies lash their Whips and call, come, come away, come, come away, poor Bess will re

turn to the Place whence she came, since the World is so mad she can hope for no

Cure, for Loves grown a Bubble, a shadow a Name, which Fools do ad

mire, and wise Men en . . dure. Cold and Hungry am I grown, Am brosia will I

feed upon; drink Nectar still and Sing; who is content does, all sorrow prevent, &

Bess in her Strain, whilst free from y Pain, in her thoughts is as great, great as a King.

FOR THE FLUTE.

A Song in the Opera of Circe Set by Mr Galliard

Oft on the troubled Ocean's face, loud stormy Winds a-rise & murm-ring Surges swell
a-pace, and Clouds ob-scure the Skies. Skies. But when the Tempest's Rage is o'er soft
Breezes smooth y Main, the Billows cease to lash the Shore, and all is Calm a-gain.
Not so in fond and Am'rous Souls, if tyrant Love once reigns, there one Eternal
Tempest rouls & yields unceasing Pains: not Pains: Ah cruel God our Peace re-store, or
wound us wth thy Shafts no more. Ah! cruel God, ah cruel God our peace restore, or wound us wth thy shafts no more

Sung by Miss Shireburn.

(Would y^u live a Stale Virgin for ever Shure y^ou're out of y^r Senses, or

these are pretences, can you part with a person so Clever, in

troth y^u are highly to blame and you Mr Lover! to trifle I

thought y^r a Soldier was wiser & bolder a Warriour Should plunder &

rifle; a Captain! oh fye for Shame. D C.

Flute

Sad Musidora The Words by a Lady Set by Mr Carey

Slow

Sad Musidora all in Woe a Silent Grotto Seeks, no

more her Self on Plains does show, but Sighing thus She Speaks:

Why was I born of high degree? an humble Shepherdess, had been much

happier far for me, than all this gau ..... dy dress.

A Sumptious palace full of Joy
To me a Dungeon is
And all that Mirth does me Annoy
Which others Count for Bliss
Then lost in Grief the lovely Maid
Retir'd from all the Throng
And on a Bank reclin'd her head
While tears ran trick ling down

Flute

Slow

Poor Aminta &c.

Poor A min-ta Sigh-- ng more, now ap---peafe your an-xi- ous Cares, thought of

Flora now...give o'er, dry up all your flood ing Tears. It is not your grief will

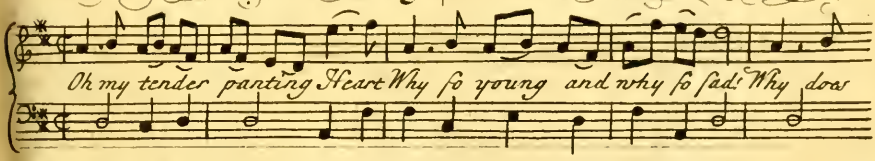
give you relief, or call her, or call her back again Ah! ceafe to pine w.th Muſick

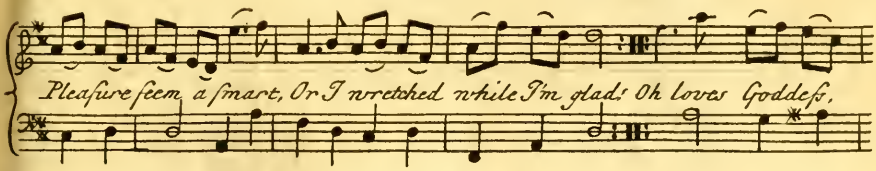
join, 'twill eaſe you of your Pain

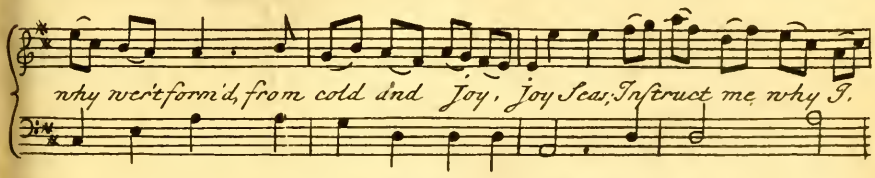
All your Sorrow is in vain,
Never think of Flora's Charm
She regardleſs of your Pain,
Triumps in another's Arms;
Love Flora no more,
Some other adore;
You're tedious, you're tedious Sights refrain
You ſoon may find
A Nymph more kind
Who'll not your Love diſdain

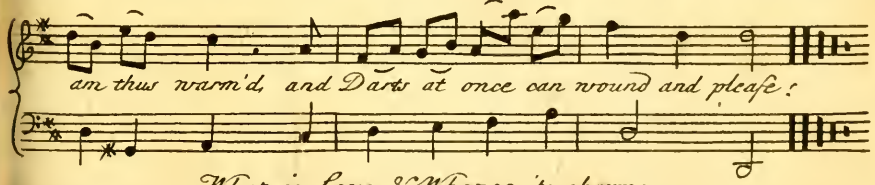
Flute

A Scotch Song for the German Flute.


Oh my tender panting Heart Why so young and why so sad! Why does

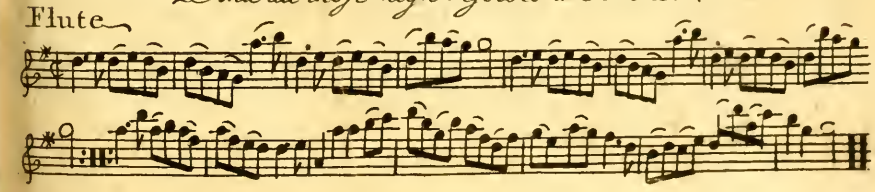

Pleasure seem a smart, Or I wretched while I'm glad! Oh loves Goddess,


why wer't form'd, from cold and Joy, Joy Seas; Instruct me why I.


am thus warm'd, and Darts at once can wound and please!

What is Love, & Whence its charms,
That it beareth such a rule!
To make Soldiers quit their arms
Kings turn Slaves, the wise-men Fool!
Fain I'd chace thee from the field!
And with cool thoughts resist thy Yoke;
Next tide of blood, alas! I yield,
And all those high resolves are broke!

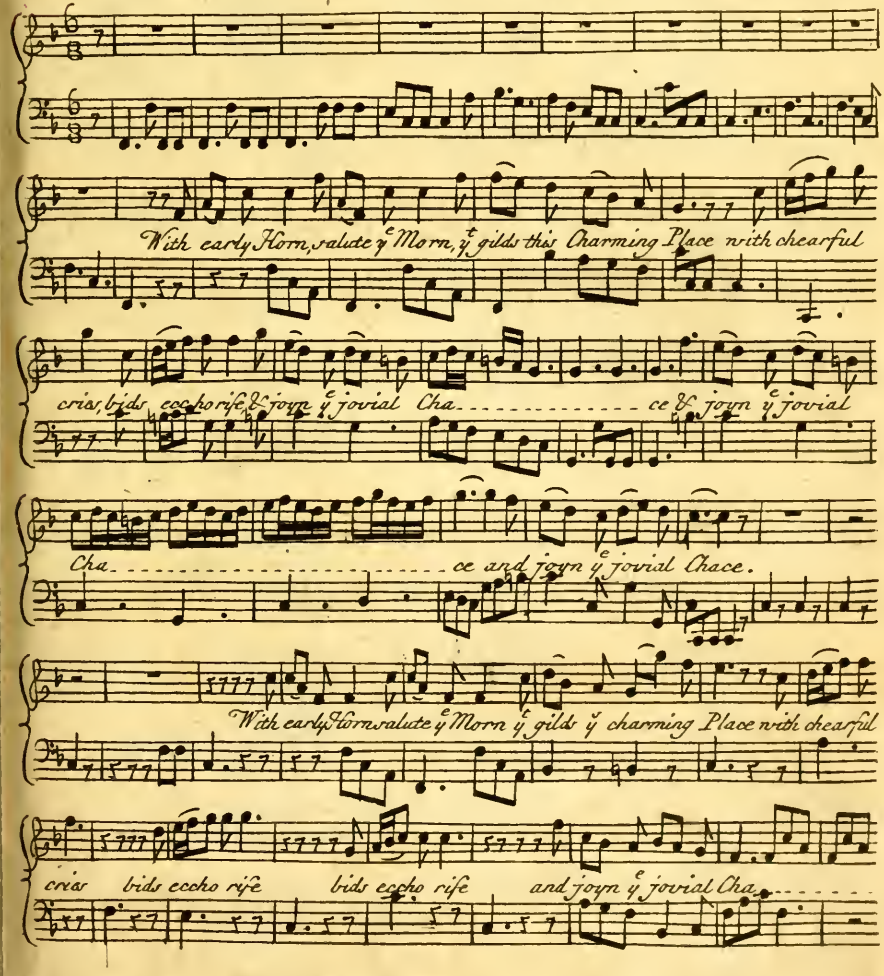
Flute



THE

Meeting in the Morning

Sung by Mr Beard with Universal Applause



cc with chearful cries bids eccho rise & joyn & jovial Chace & joyn & jovial

Chace The Vocal

Hills around the waving Woods & chrystal Floods all all return their livening sound &

D.C.

vocal Hills around & waving Woods & chrystal Floods all all return & livening sound.

Flute

D.C.

The Apology

Frown not my Dear, nor be Se...vere Because I did Co...
...rin...na kiss For all th'Intent, was Compli ment
And truly no...thing else but this

(2)

— No Single Charm, —
— Of hers can warm, —
Like yours my whole devot'd Heart,
— She can't subdue, —
— My Soul like you —
Nor such Celestial Joy impart

(3)

— Call me not base, —
— In such a Case, —
Nor misinterpret my Design; —
— For I averr, —
— I love not her —
But am with Resignation thine. —

For the Flute

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2005

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